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THE LESSER LEGISLATION OF THE YEAR.

UNTIL the Irish Church debate makes some way it will be impossible to tell how much minor work the Government are likely to accomplish in the present session. There are conflicting accounts as to the prospects of the great measure of the year. Some allege very confidently that the Opposition is played out, and that Mr. Disraeli has resolved to lie in wait for Mr. Gladstone on some other battle-field. On the other hand, the extreme quietude of the Conservatives may be naturally accounted for by the supposition that they are preparing their speeches, and the hot resolutions of the Lower House of Convocation, though suicidal, are not indicative of any intention to resign the struggle against Mr. Gladstone's policy. Moreover, occasions of offence are sure to arise, and the less prospect there is of upsetting the Government on the merits, the greater will be the temptation to exhibit hostility at every turn of the details. As yet, therefore, all is uncertainty as to the time which the House is likely to have at its disposal for subsidiary business. The first claimant on whatever leisure may be secured will be the Endowed Schools Bill, which Mr. Forster has brought in "after consulting with Lord de Grey and other members of the Government."

Of that measure it must be said that it is badly drawn and that it was badly introduced. Mr. Forster's aim is good, and the Bill would do good if carried out in Mr. Forster's spirit; but neither did his speech convey to the House of Commons any adequate notion of what the Bill might do, nor does any clause give any security that the Bill will do it. No doubt Mr. Forster was exhorted to be brief, and to avoid creating discussion; but such a measure as he intends this to be cannot be carried without considerable Parliamentary and some popular enthusiasm; and a speech which does not provoke discussion is exceedingly unlikely to provoke enthusiasm, either amongst those who hear or those who read it. Short as Mr. Forster's speech was, he devoted the major part of it to the exposition of the lesser branch of his scheme. He was very particular indeed as to the examinations to which endowed schoolmasters were to be subjected, and as to the "boon" which was to be extended to private-adventure schoolmasters in permitting them to undergo the same examinations; but he said scarcely anything as to the working of the Bill in utilizing endowments and in rescuing many of them from the abuses by which they are rendered worthless. And it is just on this point that members of Parliament and the public are curious. Examinations are very well, but they are not everything, and they are very moderately believed in by the public. It is considered doubtful whether Dr. Arnold would have achieved his great

distinction if competitive examination had been the road to it; and many have a healthy belief in the sufficiency of a certain average standard of knowledge for tutorial purposes, attaching far greater importance to general good management, zeal, tact, and ability in turning out results, than in any special degree of high scholarship. Give the middle classes well-managed endowed schools, and they have no fear of the schoolmasters proving badly qualified to conduct them. But in addressing the House of Commons Mr. Forster was almost dumb as to the management, and only became explicit in talking of the examinations.

His Bill is even more silent than *Liguia*. It gives powers enough certainly, and there is nothing to prevent any endowment in the kingdom being thoroughly reorganized by the commissioners whom this Bill will appoint. But upon what principle will they reorganize the endowments? Is not that worth considering? Is the reconstruction to be left, as appears from the Bill, to the discretion of the commissioners? As a matter of fact, we know that this will not be so. The new commissioners will be guided by the conclusions of the old inquiry commissioners—will probably be composed from amongst the assistant inquiry commissioners, who did good service in developing those conclusions. We shall have under their management the three grades of endowed schools, regulated by the term at which boys leave school, and each school restricted to the instruction of boys who are expected to leave after about the same period of instruction. We shall also have the curriculum fixed with reference to the grade of boys who are to attend the schools. These reforms will effectually alter the character and working of our endowed schools, and may be expected to produce the happiest results. But, looking at the Bill, we seek in vain for any guarantee that they will accrue. The commissioners are apparently left to their own discretion, and this, of course, means that they will act under the inspiration of the Government of the day. But what if the Government change? The present administration will, no doubt, live as long as it deserves, but "in them nature's copy's not eterne," and if they went out they would be succeeded by the very men who are likely to oppose Mr. Forster's Bill to the very uttermost. They will oppose it, because they believe the commissioners will remodel the endowed schools according to the recommendations of the inquiry commissioners. What are they likely to do if they find themselves in power, and see their way to direct the commissioners to adopt any other principles which they may suggest? The second reading of the Bill is promised for the 8th of March, and before then Mr. Forster will probably see the necessity of kindling the enthusiasm of Parliament and the country by a bold statement of what he means to accomplish, and of

inserting in the Bill itself some guarantee that it shall be done. The only way to secure support is to prove yourself worthy of it; and good administration in such a matter cannot be made sure of except by placing in the Act of Parliament which constitutes the governing body a clear expression of the principles on which that body is to act. With the Bill in its present state, the commission might become as corrupt a nuisance as any of the endowments it is set to reform. There is no practice worse in private business than to lock up the traditions of management in a single person of authority; and it would be equally bad in Government to leave the principles of a great work to be settled and defined haphazard by the preferences of the Ministry in power, simply because for the present the Minister of Education has confidence in his own retention of office, and in his power to carry out the measure in the spirit in which it is conceived.

Of the other measures contemplated by the Government two demand a passing word, because the House of Lords has struggled vainly for one and has been intrusted with the other. We hope the decision come to will prove judicious, but it appears to us that it would have been more prudent to let the Bankruptcy Bill go to the House of Lords and to reserve the Crime Bill to the House of Commons. The Bankruptcy Bill has been in principle settled long ago. To pass it is really to do little more than to settle a draft. But the Bill for the Prevention of Crime has not yet been debated, and all that has been said about it by its author, Mr. Bruce, appears to denote that it is prepared with too distinct a reference to the panic which has lately prevailed. This is precisely a case in which the real motive power of legislation ought to be called into play. The House of Commons ought to discuss the matter, and to settle whether there is or is not anything in the principle which it is sought to apply to the prevention of crime and the management of criminals, whether there is any adequate reason for adopting any new policy on the subject, and whether the new policy which has been recommended in very influential quarters is one which can be practically carried out. These are points which cannot be usefully discussed by the House of Lords, and their decision upon them will go for nothing if the House of Commons takes a different view. If we are simply about to legislate in a panic, it does not matter much which House begins, but the case is just one of those in which a full and free debate in the House of Commons would have dispelled delusions and left Parliament free to legislate in accordance with common sense. On the other hand, there is no advantage in retaining the Bankruptcy Bill in the House of Commons. A great deal is said about members of the chambers of commerce, but none of these are likely to add to the weight or interest of the Bankruptcy Bill debates. They can only again insist on principles which have been long accepted, and they are not likely to be so well able as the Lords to give effect to these.

Only one subject remains to be referred to. It is that of taxation. Mr. Goschen's Assessment Bill, simply having the effect of rendering the mode of valuing property uniform, is a good one, and will probably pass, somewhat modified, with the general consent of Parliament. The subject of local taxation has been brought before the House of Commons by Sir Massey Lopes, and the Government, after putting up Mr. Goschen to explode Sir Massey's case, have promised to deal with the subject as soon as they have settled the Irish Church. This does not promise much, but it promises too much. If such a pledge were to be given at all, it should not have been in reply to a country gentleman who demanded compensation for the loss of protection, and proposed that the national revenue should defray the bulk of local expenses; and, as a matter of Parliamentary management, it would have been much better to have either yielded by the mouth of Mr. Goschen, or to have avoided putting Mr. Goschen up to speak in an almost directly opposite sense. These ninepin debates—debates in which a member of the Government was put up at the beginning to say what the leader unsaid before the close of the debate—were a great scandal in Mr. Disraeli's time. Mr. Gladstone may be expected to adopt a stronger line. He can afford to do without ninepins, and his colleagues will be all the more docile and faithful if they find that their chief adheres to the declarations which they make with his concurrence.

EARL SPENCER'S PROGRESS.

WE have had, as usual under similar circumstances, articles of jubilation on the advantages to accrue to Ireland by the shifting of its late Lord-Lieutenant and the transference of Earl Spencer to the post. Hope springs perennial on such occasions, and not only do our enthusiastic neighbours across the Channel predict changes for the better in the situation of their perplexed affairs, but the newspapers here contribute theories of a correspondingly sanguine and genial order. We might be carried away by the common sentiment, but for the fact that we find that the same concurrence of credulity and expectance attended every one of Earl Spencer's predecessors, and that in each instance we were signally baulked of the blessings the prophets ventured to predict. Earl Spencer is now running the course of those who went before him, and there is no special reason to believe that it will land him and his stock of good intentions anywhere else than in a return to the old way, which ended in a *cul de sac*. The faith in the new broom is a touching and, in some respects, a wholesome creed; but in the case of Irish Lord-Lieutenants as at present constituted, it is a very barren and disappointing one indeed. You can trace Earl Spencer's career by precedents as easily as our novelists used to do that of the spendthrift who fell amongst sharpers, bad counsellors, and low people generally. He is now, for example, going through the deputation stage. Now is the acceptable time for the mayors with hopes of knighthood; now is the hour for the gentlemen with the salves and the ointments warranted to cure the ills to which Ireland is heir. His Excellency is first brought into the Statistical Society. Here he is operated on in a style which savours of the apocryphal ordinations of Freemasonry. He endures a great deal to become initiated. Figures garnished with green tropes of the national eloquence are served up: pigs and peasants, arable land, bogs, and manufactures are set out for his instruction by clever gentlemen who have done the thing on previous occasions, and who are consequently no bunglers. His Excellency really begins to think that he has little more to learn. He can now speak with confidence on the affairs of the country which have been so neatly analyzed and condensed for him. He *does* speak with confidence, and the "press" echoes him here; and even the party of whom he is not the representative are unwilling at the commencement to cast a blight upon cheering prospects. Next follows the exercise of those social functions which form an integral portion of a Lord-Lieutenant's duties. Many of our contemporaries deprecate the notion that our consul is a part of a pageant, and will have it that it is unkind and unjust to make such a statement. Why do they not read the history of the "Castle"? The most popular of Lord-Lieutenants have been those most lavish of hospitality, and most ready to lay about them with that sword of honour which once fell upon the back of the innkeeper who rose up Sir Phelim O'Shaughnessy. As often as the question of abolishing the Lord-Lieutenancy has been advocated, so often have the Irish papers abused us for adding another insult to the insults and injuries their country has already suffered. What would become of Dublin, they ask—its rank and fashion? Why, you will want to take our law courts next. Thackeray has verified the sentiment. He describes the desolation of Grafton-street, of the "Squeers," and of the young ladies who can no longer flirt with the aide-de-camp and attaché. "Oh!" cries Mr. Malowney of Ballymalowney:—

"O! likes for to see thim young haroes
A-smoking their poipes and cigyars—like Mars,
And a-winking at the girls in the cyars."

The burlesque is as true to this day as a piece of real satire need be. The Castle "Court" is well attended in the season by the county families, and swords and bags, feathers, trains, and diamonds, are yet to be seen at the levées and drawing rooms. The Dublin folk struggle for places at these receptions, and at the ancillary balls, with a fervour born of that innate reverence for what has the semblance of royalty, which raised an obelisk to a great and good monarch at Dunleary, when the great and good put his noble legs on the quay which was afterwards to be named Kingstown. It is not for us to mock at such an enthusiasm, nor to exasperate our Irish friends by extinguishing the light they love to flit and flutter about. And with this view our Lord-Lieutenants have been hospitable and genial with few exceptions. Lord Kimberley tried a different part, not that he ever failed in courtesy, but he endeavoured as well as he could to combine

utility with good nature. He often embarrassed deputations by asking them questions, and more than once sent them off with tingling ears—and then they remembered Lord Carlisle. He never puzzled a deputation, and although he commenced with a mission (increase of live stock, for which that interesting Gulf Stream made Ireland peculiarly favourable), he soon abandoned it after founding one or two societies of festive farmers, for the rôle of eloquent orator to whom quotations from Burke, Moore, and Goldsmith came with quite a patriotic effusion. He “inaugurated” shows, he inaugurated a silk and tabinet shop with a generous contempt of the shafts of ridicule. Lord Kimberley had to contend in popularity with the gifted Lord Carlisle, and he failed, as far as the popularity was concerned, although he did a great deal in a quiet and effectual manner to suppress an insurrection. He was removed, according to a custom highly creditable to us as a shrewd nation, at a time when he was mastering the difficulties of Irish questions with an unobtrusive perseverance which has not been generally appreciated on either side of the Channel.

But has not Cardinal Cullen, to the rage and disgust of the *Advertiser*, been praised by Earl Spencer? Has he not sat at the same table with him, violating, to the enthusiastic admiration of our *Telegraph*, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act? Has he not retorted the levelling compliments of his Excellency by chivalrous exchanges of flattery, and by reminding the Earl that one of his ancestors was a poet, but that the grandest of them was a Passionist! Nay, more. We are informed that he remained fully half an hour with Earl Spencer and his countess. This “is startling to most people,” observes the *Times*’ correspondent; “it is positively shocking to some.” It is neither startling nor shocking, if nothing more comes of it. That Cardinal Cullen will subside into good temper with our Government because of this interview, or because of his sitting down with the Lord-Lieutenant at a public banquet, is a speculation which it would be silly to enter upon. However, Earl Spencer is no doubt going by the card, and if the honour conferred on him by Cardinal Cullen has no other effect than to thrill Orangemen and Murphyites with desperate forebodings of unlimited popery, it will not be a matter greatly to trouble us. We mention the circumstance to show how far the Lord-Lieutenant is of use ceremonially. If we hope for more from him we simply expect too much. If he had all the inclination in the world to study the people amongst whom he is temporarily residing, and if he had as wide a capacity as Lord Kimberley for comprehending them, he knows, and we know, that a political accident would send him in a few days’ notice into a mail-steamer, with his back upon the scene of his novitiate, and with probably the crudest views on Irish topics. Until there is a total change in the system of this consular service, it is absurd to predict that it will effectually strengthen our hands in Irish administration. To receive deputations, to speak at agricultural dinners, to give command nights at the theatre, to make deputy-lieutenants and magistrates, to dance quadrilles of honour, and put young barristers through a course of levées previous to their exaltation to assistant chairmanships of quarter sessions, or to seats on the bench—these are the chief functions of the Queen’s representative in Ireland at present. Earl Spencer may try to break out of the jog-trot, but he will find it impossible for him to do so, and not worth the trouble considering the fragile tenure of his vicegerency. If we do not mistake, Cardinal Cullen graciously hobnobbed with Lord Abercorn as he has done with Earl Spencer. The spectacle was no doubt affecting in both instances, and a good subject for leading articles. You might imagine whatever you wished out of so dramatic a *réunion*. You might show that now at last we had an end of fierce polemical battles, and perorate to your heart’s content upon the burying of the hatchet and on the Sachems smoking the pipe of peace. We have however become a little cynical concerning Irish millenniums, especially when sketches of them are drawn with all the well-known effects; and the introduction of a real cardinal as a novelty upon the scene fails to convince us that we are looking at anything but an untrustworthy and unsubstantial diorama.

THE PROMISED INQUIRY INTO ELECTIONS.

THE paragraph in the Royal Speech which, on the part of the Government, promises an inquiry into the mode of conducting Parliamentary and municipal elections, with a

view to provide further guarantees for their tranquillity, purity, and freedom, is the first recognition by official authority of a necessity for those changes in our electoral system which the more ardent Reformers, both in and out of Parliament, have so long advocated. It becomes, therefore, our duty to review the circumstances which have brought about so considerable a change in public opinion, as to transfer from private hands to the Government of the day the advocacy of such measures, and to follow up, so far as may be able, the advantage thus unexpectedly obtained. A brief glance at the remarks which fell from the leaders on either side of the House upon the paragraph in question will serve to indicate the relative positions which they intend to take up when the subject is definitely brought before the attention of the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli, with pardonable partiality for the offspring of his own legislation, maintains that the mere transference of jurisdiction effected by the Corrupt Practices Act affords a sufficient, or, in his own words, a considerable guarantee for the future tranquillity, purity, and freedom of elections. In other words, he is so far satisfied with the results of the election petitions and the working of the new law that, speaking in the name of the Tory party, he considers that they leave little to be desired. Mr. Gladstone, with greater accuracy, points out the fallacy in this estimate of the powers of the new law, a fallacy which, strange to say, escaped attention during the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons in the late Parliament. The machinery which provides that the allegations contained in an election petition shall be thoroughly sifted by submitting them to the practised intellect of a judge is, in its direct operation, altogether limited to the penal consequences entailed by corrupt practices, and has nothing, except indirectly, of a preventive character at all. What the Government now appears to desire, and the advocates of the ballot have always maintained is, that we need the inauguration of a new system altogether, by which it may be rendered impossible for those evil influences, which are brought to bear in the conduct of doubtful elections, to govern results with that certainty which alone makes them powerful. So far, however, as regards the conduct of elections, we are precisely in the same position as we were previous to the passing of the Act, with the single exception made by the Reform Bill, viz., that carriage of voters in boroughs is now rendered illegal. All the clauses having for their object the reduction of needless expenditure, such as the closing of public-houses as committee-rooms, the limitation of the number of agents, the placing of the expense of hustings, &c., upon the rates, were either sedulously omitted or resolutely opposed. The consequence has been such as everybody might have anticipated, that at the late election larger sums were spent than have been usual even under our already profuse scale of expenditure, that the number of moneyed men in the House has increased to the almost total exclusion of the poorer class of candidates, and that a crop of election petitions has sprung up which bids fair to exercise the time and ability of the judicial bench to an advanced period of the session. It would, however, be unfair to deny that we already owe some substantial benefit to the present mode of procedure. Setting aside the advantage, in itself incalculable, of obtaining greater certainty in the decisions, we owe to the careful investigation of the cases already tried, and the verdicts pronounced upon them, an amount of experience which in the coming discussion upon the amendment of the electoral law should prove of the utmost value.

We now know from the practical experience of the Westbury, Bewdley, and Bradford cases that the dismissal of labourers for non-conformity in political opinions, the employment of voters as watchers, and a general expenditure of £8,000 constitute cases sufficiently grave to call for judicial inquiry. But however favourable to the present mode of procedure our conclusions may be, it is impossible to maintain that the check imposed upon electoral corruption is anything more than an apprehension of the more stringent application of the old law, and that apprehension must always be tempered by the knowledge that penal consequences can only follow through the success of an election petition and the deposit of a thousand pounds.

There is, for example, under the existing system hardly any check upon two candidates of ample means contesting the representation of a small borough with an expenditure the most profuse and by the employment of means the most corrupt. The richer of the two may probably win, but the

poorer has no inducement to petition, since he himself can hardly profit by unseating his rival. But perhaps the greatest evil which the advocates of electoral purity have now to contend against consists in the intimidation of the smaller class of voters. We have witnessed the effect of it on a large scale at Drogheda, and on a small scale at Westbury; nor does the acquittal of Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth altogether reassure us against the possible return of it under other circumstances in that historic borough. How, indeed, can it well be otherwise when, with a much more dependent class of voters, we have identically the same means liable to be used for purposes of corruption? All that the public-house interest, the ubiquity and persistence of numberless agents, the indefinite multiplication of committees can do, has been brought into play during the last election, and so long as canvassing continues on its present scale will probably be so again. Such intimidation as at present exists is peculiar neither to large constituencies nor small, neither to town nor country. It obtains through the influence of the clergy and landowners in large counties, of customers in large boroughs, and of employers of labour in the smaller. Such influences, if exercised with tolerable moderation, are, with our present means, altogether unassailable. What we need is that, if hostile to the freedom of election, they should be disarmed; and we can only do this by taking away the object which they themselves propose to secure. The machinery for conducting an election secretly, or, in other words, allowing an elector to keep his opinions concealed, is in itself very simple. It consists merely in providing each elector with a card, compelling him upon registering his vote to strike out at the table the names of those candidates for whom he does not propose to vote. To any one who has watched the polling-booths in large constituencies it is evident that there would be ample time for this process. No other than the voter should be allowed to approach the table, where alone the cards should be supplied. No vote would be valid if containing more than the due number of names. So far as regards the election itself this process seems sufficient to insure freedom, and in some measure tranquillity; but we trust the Government will in any case add a few more precautions as regards purity. Nothing can be more exorbitant than the sums charged to candidates at the last election for agency. In almost every account these expenses figure as the largest item, and in many cases are only a colourable pretext for engaging a certain number of votes. A remedy for this may be suggested, not only easy of application, but lying ready at our hands, and, if successful, it strikes at the very root of indirect corruption. Let the county court judge, or, better still, the revising barrister, act as judicial assessor in taxing all election accounts, and let him be empowered to strike out and report upon any excessive items. Let the number of agents employed be limited, so that they shall not bear more than a certain proportion to the number of the electors. The abolition of the day of nomination, and of the practice of placarding the poll, would do something to limit both the opportunities and the excess of electioneering zeal. The forbidding the use of public-houses as committee-rooms would probably do more; but these and other amendments might safely be left to the progress of the Bill, if only a different mode of registering the votes could be carried through the House of Commons. To the new-born zeal of the Government, to the recent experience of the members, and to the number in the majority pledged to support the ballot, we confidently commit the care of an inquiry, which has for its object little less than a revolution in a system already the astonishment of educated Europe, and without a parallel in the history of the world.

FUN FOR THE FLEET.

IF history should ever make mention of Mr. Hamilton Hume—a possibility which seems rather vague—it will be as the gentleman who headed the “persecution” of Mr. Eyre by writing the ex-governor’s biography. Meanwhile, Mr. Hume, having tasted the sweets of contemporary notoriety, seems disinclined to retire into that private life which he is doubtless well qualified to adorn. On the contrary, he has, single and unaided, ridden full tilt at the entire Liberal Government: he has engaged Ministerial secretaries in correspondence; he has provoked discussion (tempered by a little laughter) in the House of Commons; and he has threatened Mr. Childers himself with the terrors of public exposure. Mr. Hume, it would appear, is

in some way responsible for a weekly journal which bears the title of *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. The paper is one of those which are called comic; it treats of politics and other matters in what is supposed to be a humorous vein; it is a little inaccurate in spelling; it is not very choice in its language; and it is, it must be confessed, on the whole rather dull. When its political articles are intelligible, they are Conservative in tone. The late Government, therefore, paternally regarding the somewhat monotonous lives led by the sailors of the British fleet, bethought itself that a certain number of copies of this journal might so far reconcile them to their lot. We do not mean to suggest that any idea of political tuition went hand-in-hand with this benevolent wish. Conservative Governments have always had the credit of being generous; and it was perhaps in view of their possible retirement from power that the late Ministers desired to impress upon the fleet a notion of that parental thoughtfulness and love which were soon to be taken away. True, Mr. Childers stated in the House that “the reason assigned by the officer for recommending that paper to be subscribed for was, that ‘it was likely to exercise a beneficial influence over the crews of her Majesty’s ships.’” The statement, we regret to say, was received with “roars of laughter,” the House evidently assuming that political influence was meant. Yet a curious coincidence occurs in Scotland, where a number of Conservative gentlemen have just met to bewail the degeneracy and inefficiency of the Conservative press, and to suggest that a halfpenny weekly paper, advocating their views, should at once be published and distributed *gratis*. The Conservative gentlemen deplore the popularity of the *Scotsman*, and profess their inability to cope with it, except by “putting their hands in their pockets,” and scattering abroad this halfpenny weekly. It is therefore just within the bounds of probability that the Conservative Government was not unwilling to receive the help of even so humble an instrument as the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. A sad proportion of our seamen cannot read at all; and there was at least a chance of their catching up their first lesson in party politics from those cartoons in which Mr. Bright is always represented with an eyeglass—perhaps for the reason that he never wears one. An order was given to disperse ninety-six copies of this new organ of instruction throughout her Majesty’s navy. That the fleet was able to keep on the surface of the water after having received on board this cargo of Conservative fun, may be taken as a positive proof of the seaworthiness of our ships—an argument which we commend to the consideration of the Admiralty Lords. What opinion Jack formed of this addition to his comforts we are not permitted to know. Perhaps he took the wish of the Government for the deed; and, unable to extract any mirth or amusement from the gift, looked upon it as a blessing very much in disguise. At all events, the fleet did not sink; and the funny journal continued to be sent to the ships. But Conservative Governments do not last for ever; and when it became necessary for the recent Ministry to remove, some mysterious official, whose name as yet remains in darkness, countermanded the order for the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. Probably he feared that inquiries might be made by his successor in office; or perhaps his conscience smote him while yet there was time to repent. The comic journal was requested not to come any more to the ships.

This stoppage of the circulation of *Will-o'-the-Wisp*—we mean the stoppage of ninety-six copies out of that circulation—had an immediate effect upon Mr. Hamilton Hume. He rose to the occasion. He saw the opportunity that lay before him of figuring in the public eyes as a terror to Governments; and perhaps he did not overlook the little advertisement which his journal would reap by its being talked of in the House. So he boldly accused Mr. Childers of having stopped the issue of the Conservative organ to the fleet. He was bitter upon “Liberal economy”—which robbed the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* of £43. 6s. 8d. *per annum*. Of course, the inference was that the Liberals were afraid of the influence of Mr. Hume’s paper, and had used their newly-acquired power to prevent our seamen from getting a correct notion of what was going on upon land. Whereupon, Captain Seymour, Mr. Childers’s private secretary, was moved to take up his pen and inform Mr. Hamilton Hume that the order for the stoppage of the Conservative organ was given upon the 14th of December last, while the Liberal Government did not take office until the 23rd. That reply might have silenced most men; but it did not silence Mr. Hume. He demanded to know the name of Captain Seymour’s predecessor in office. Further, he dragged a Mr. James Smith into the correspondence—and we should be glad to know if any correspondence ever took place without having a Mr. Smith mixed up in it—who had written to Mr. Gladstone on the matter, and had received for answer that the issue of

the journal to the fleet was stopped, "not because it was a Conservative organ, but on account of its vulgarity and scurrility." Mr. Hume was hurt by these epithets; and, observing that his paper was "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," wished to know who had made use of them. Captain Seymour replied that his predecessor in office was Captain Brandreth, to whom, accordingly, the pertinacious Mr. Hume now addressed himself. He also wrote to Mr. Gurdon, Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, wishing to know whether he had been directed to give the reason we have mentioned above for the stoppage of the comic periodical. As for Captain Brandreth, he replied that he knew nothing whatever about the matter. Mr. Gurdon acknowledged to have sent to the inevitable Smith some communication on the subject; and Mr. Hume then triumphantly summed up the result of the correspondence, and published the whole.

It appears to have occurred to Mr. Hamilton Hume that he had got the Liberal Government into a difficulty. But for a slight discrepancy in dates, he had conclusively proved that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, fearing the effect of the satire and sentiment of *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, had meanly tried to put an end to its circulation—at least, to ninety-six copies of its circulation. Inspired by the same theory, Mr. Hardcastle ventured to interrogate Mr. Childers on the point, and thus it was that Mr. Hume's comic journal came to be talked of in Parliament. Mr. Childers, it is to be feared, did not recognise the gravity of the situation. There was not a bit of rhetoric in his reply—not the least scrap of appeal to the sympathy of the House. He condescended to save himself by that little awkwardness about the dates. He pointed out that the present Board of Admiralty had taken office after the order had been given for the discontinuance of Mr. Hume's paper, and that that order emanated from the same officer who had recommended the issue of *Will-o'-the-Wisp* to the fleet. The House was in a merry mood, and did not call for the name of the officer in question; and Mr. Childers, being in a generous mood, hinted that he would rather not state the reason why Mr. Hume's journal was withdrawn from circulation among the seamen. With this termination everybody seems to have been satisfied—except the indefatigable Hume, who vows that *Will-o'-the-Wisp* shall reach the fleet, the penury of the Liberal Government notwithstanding. He is going to send, *gratis*, two copies weekly of the publication "to every one of her Majesty's vessels afloat." In this determination we observe a deadly act of vengeance levelled against the Liberal Ministry; and, seeing that they have (at some time or other) partly deserved it, we can only regret that our seamen are likely to be the more immediate sufferers.

THE THEATRE AND THEATRICAL PEOPLE.

WE briefly noted the other day the fact that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of New York, had been lecturing about Theatres and the Drama. Mr. Beecher's name comes pretty frequently before the English public quite apart from his books. We hear, for example, of the laughter and the applause in his chapel, and of the yearly auction of the seats, at which some of them fetch fabulous prices. There is every reason to believe that his own Entertainment is excellent of its kind, but it does not strike us that he has shown any great degree of insight in his criticisms on the modern theatre. He is of opinion that the "exaggerated claims made for the theatre cannot be sustained." Till we have settled which claims are exaggerated, this is a chip in porridge, and may pass. "It takes more to support a theatre than would suffice to support twenty clubs, societies, and lecturers." Here there is a little ineptitude and *esprit de corps*; but till we have settled whether the theatre is or is not worth its cost, this, also, is a chip in porridge and may pass. It is exceedingly difficult to represent "the high drama"—say Macbeth—in a manner which shall not occasionally degrade the conception of the poet. Quite true, but inasmuch as, after all, dramas were made expressly for representation, this is another chip in porridge. It will still be true that few people have any idea of what a dramatist means till they have seen him acted, and that, even to a man like Coleridge, to see a man like Kean act is "to read Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." On the whole, Mr. Beecher thinks that the theatre is only a pastime, and that its chief use is to make people laugh. Tastes will differ; one can understand how a lecturer like Mr. Beecher feels, but we should say that, merely in this view, the theatre was an enormous, a splendid benefit, an indispensable adjunct to civilization, and well worth its cost.

The most important point in Mr. Beecher's lecture, the relation of the theatre to morals proper, will take up so much space that it will be necessary to pass lightly over the

chief topic that lies between. A great many ignorant and stilted claims have been made for the Drama, but a man of Mr. Beecher's calibre might surely have dealt with what cultivated and thoughtful people would accept as its real function. That may be briefly put, as the *cultus* of human nature by the exercise on the part of the actor of a peculiar reproductive power, varying from genius down to mere cleverness; this exercise taking place, just as an anthem is sung or a sermon is preached, in the presence of a large assembly of men and women, among whom the immense incalculable education of heightened sympathy is being carried forward while they are in the theatre. Just as in church we listen without blushing to what we could not bear to hear read or said in the midst of the close contact of ordinary intercourse, we permit on the stage things which would be justly condemned elsewhere, because, in the theatre, the final appeal is to what is primitive and human, though this appeal is often worked out by exhibiting in contrast things that are artificial. Anything more indiscreet than to call the theatre a teacher in the sense in which Mr. Beecher is a teacher cannot well be conceived. It is nothing of the kind. It must not teach what is bad, but its proper aim is no more instruction or regulation than is the aim of the "Iliad," or a rosebush, or a beautiful statue. Strange as it may appear to Mr. Beecher, there are millions of persons who stand very much in need of that discipline of human sympathy which can be got nowhere so well as at a theatre; and, indeed, who do not know what it is to be human at all. They are mercantile, or political, or academic, or pædagogic, or spiritual, or benevolent men; but, odd as it seems, they are not human. It would do them good if they could only know how they affect people who are.

But, to approach the most important of Mr. Beecher's criticisms, Is the Theatre a demoralizing institution? "Fact," says Mr. Beecher, "shows that the theatre demoralizes, and that is enough." And he adds that "it gathers about it evil associations." As to the local distribution of what Mr. Beecher means by "evil associations" in great cities, we think it not worth while to discuss the question with any one who is likely to be so profoundly ignorant upon the subject. As far as London is concerned, the theatres lie mostly to the west, and so do these "evil associations." But a map of London in which the patches of "evil associations" were marked in black would yield results which would prove that the theatres, except as they are centres of resort for people of all grades of moral culture, have nothing at all to do with it. There are "evil associations" enough under the shadow of Westminster Abbey—the subject has been a public scandal for years,—and plenty more in the immediate neighbourhood of fashionable churches which could be named. On the whole, the greatest quantity of "evil associations" in London does not by any means cluster round the theatres. As for the country, if Mr. Beecher could go into agricultural counties, and ask certain reporters and press-men what they mean by "chapel cases," he would feel the force of what we have just said as to centres of resort.

To come, however, to the more important part of the subject. How is the theatre proved to be demoralizing? In the first place, we are bound to distrust the spirit of all this sort of criticism. It is criticism with an ascetic inspiration. This would be denied by Mr. Beecher, but it is true. He is a very emancipated man for a teacher of (what he calls) Christianity; but he has not shaken himself free from a prejudice, distinctly ascetic, which has come down to us from the Orient through the foul and sullen channels of the dark and middle ages. Upon this particular class of topic, clerical testimony in all times of which we have any record has been foolishly false and meanly rancorous; perhaps with something of the biting of the file in it. For a large and fluent enjoying power is seldom found associated with a large teaching power, or a leaning towards regulative conceptions as exclusive instruments of moral culture. These are only imperfect hints upon an exclusive subject. But, when it is said that the theatre demoralizes, we must ask—Demoralizes whom, and demoralizes how? The bulk of the audience at a theatre are ordinary men and women, who are unconscious of any peculiar influence the theatre may have upon their lives; and they are, assuredly, not demoralized by it. There is not the slightest pretence for saying anything of the kind. The fact is that, looking now behind the curtain and now before it, Mr. Beecher has in his mind an under-current of thought which relates to a certain class of breaches of social order. With respect to the audience at a theatre, and comparing them with the select portion of the audience at a church or chapel, *i.e.*, the communicants, there is no reason to hesitate in allowing as much force as it will carry to the fact that the balance of certain kinds of self-restraint is in

favour of the class of people who have taken religious vows upon themselves. But, in the first place, it must be asked of men like Mr. Beecher and Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, who, in his "Week-day Sermons," has discussed the subject of amusements with rare candour, whether they do not, in their hearts, think it unfair, and, in the high sense, immoral, to permit so much leverage to these breaches of social order when, in the majority of the cases among the actors and actresses to whom the criticism points, the spirit of the moral law is adhered to. In many cases, the divergence from social order amounts to no more than an equivalent for the difference between the recognised, legalized, social institutions of certain States in America and Germany on the one hand, and those of England on the other. In other words, in the former the question of breach of social order would not arise, because the law is different.

But this is not the whole, or the chief part of the subject. Every vocation, every institution, every form of human association, has its own peculiar dangers. Now this is a commonplace in itself, but we shall not permit the enemies of the theatre to ride off upon that. We shall ask, point-blank, and press the question too, whether the dangers of this particular institution are greater than those of any other. One of the most delicate and spiritual of living writers—a lady whose writings are much admired in America (especially by Whittier), has boldly said that "the spiritual basis has even proved insufficient to bear up the whole man," and has admitted the deplorable consequences of attempting to treat life as if it were sufficient. Now, to put the case briefly, does any one think—would Mr. Beecher or Mr. Dale contend—that all the evil of a particular kind which they associate with the stage from the beginning of time until now, has done the world as much harm as one single order of nuns or monastics, or the writings of one single ascetic "Father"? Neither Mr. Beecher nor Mr. Dale would, we think, deny that Europe is still struggling in the midst of moral fogs which have come down upon her in the shape of dark though impalpable traditions from the first fifteen centuries, and that one of our chief difficulties in dealing with certain forms of disorder arises from the confusion imported into life by these traditions.

Nor is this all. Is Mr. Beecher prepared to contend that, from the moral point of view only, there are no such things as compensations? Is he prepared to maintain that meanness, or sordidness, or intellectual insincerity—the peculiar vices of religious communities in general—are less mischievous, taken in connection with the "ostensibilities" of the religious life, than some other wrong things which may gather around the *cultus* of human nature pure and simple? To put the question in a shape which will come home to hundreds of Dissenting ministers, if not to Mr. Beecher and Mr. Dale—which is the less edifying spectacle—a harsh, worldly-minded "Diotrephes, loving to have the pre-eminence," or a good-hearted, half-educated actress who would, and does, share her last shilling with a friend, but who has slid, without asking official leave, into the duties of maternity? We know, and could on the spot write out in detail, the answer which the Rev. N. and the Rev. M. would write; but we have seen enough of the world to know how they would feel; and we fearlessly back the answer of their hearts against the answer of their heads. Let us consider. It has been asserted of the clerical profession that it has furnished to the ranks of public immorality a larger contingent than all the other professions put together. We do not for a moment maintain this, nor do we believe it. But we must remember that there is such a thing as action, with reaction. And it is the boast of the theatrical profession that none has contributed so small a contingent to the ranks of crime. There is more to come, however. The theatre is the place for the *cultus* of human nature; for the *cultus* of that without which the "spiritual basis" crumbles down into corruption in its own way, just as, without a spiritual and regulative *cultus*, the other would be grossly insufficient. Now, may we reasonably look among actors and actresses for any peculiar degree of strength in certain human tendencies without which society would dissolve? Little as Mr. Beecher may think of it, we have not a doubt that the simply "human" type of character, which understands nothing about "spirituality," never thinks of "edification," and has no religion but an illogical superstition loosely worn, does a work in supplying fibre and blood to the body social, which places it on a level, in point of use, if not of dignity, with any other class whatever. Nor does the matter stop here. It so happens that the writer of these lines was once intimate with an actor who, after beginning as a strolling player and then coming up to London, was, just as he reached the Haymarket boards, brought under the influence of an Evangelical preacher. He left off acting and joined a Dissenting community. In the

course of time changes of place attached him to others—all of them of high standing in the ranks of Nonconformity. But, in one respect, he never concealed his disappointment with his new friends. Down to the closing years of his life, he had one passionate complaint to make of his fellows in religious association—namely, that, in spite of all their organizations for charitable purposes, he had seen nothing among any of them which approached what he had known of frank and hearty kindness and mutual help among actors and actresses. His particular phrase was, "There is no flesh and blood among you"; and from this kind of language he never swerved, though he frequently got himself into trouble by it. The fact is, he had discerned that benevolence is one thing, and frank, affectionate helpfulness another:—

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not that which we give, but that which we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare."

We have not the smallest desire to push this kind of comment to any point at which it would even verge upon falsehood or injustice. But the error which underlies the kind of criticism to which we oppose it is plain. People in whose minds regulative conceptions are dominant—and very properly so, because of their own natural or assigned functions—have a notion in their heads that there is only one type of goodness, and that in the long run all people will be alike. If this should ever occur, each separate person would be, in the strict etymological sense, an idiot—that is, absolutely self-isolated. Relativity, variety, and change of condition are essential to the very life of finite creatures. Hence, it is with a smile that one finds an able man like Mr. Dale contemplating (he confesses with regret) a time when Christianity will have so changed human nature that, as conflict of character will be impossible, the function of the dramatist will be at an end. Mr. Dale may spare his regret. The thing is demonstrably a psychological impossibility. Finite beings *must* differ, must lead diverse lives, and therefore affecting situations must always be possible between them. How all this is to be reconciled with the vital points in the belief of men like Mr. Beecher and Mr. Dale—points which we hold as firmly as they do—is another question. It is a very simple one, and one from which no one who has exhaustively considered the subject need for a moment flinch.

SOME ASPECTS OF MUD.

THE large amount of rain we have had this winter has made us more than usually familiar with a product of our streets and roads which, in a moist climate such as ours, is never very long absent. We mean that wonderful compound of various elements, mud. Frost, when unassociated with snow, frees us for awhile from this "damp, unpleasant body," to adopt a phrase of Mr. Mantalini's; the arid winds of March convert it into eddying clouds of dust; and a long drought in the summer would annihilate the trouble in its semi-liquid form, if the water-carts did not restore the balance by their artificial rain. Of late we have had wind enough to dry any length of roads, if left to itself; but the strong south-west gales have been accompanied, as usual, by drenching showers, and the slush has been powerfully reinforced. Our streets have looked like the banks of a river when the tide is out—sloppy, oozy, slimy, and steamy,—thick and slab with a something between earth and water, as if every thoroughfare were a shallow and miniature chaos, waiting to be vivified into the lower forms of animal life. Were our system of scavenging better than it is, we ought not to be greatly troubled with either mud or dust; at least, we should not be so much at their mercy as we are now. The carts that go about collecting the heavy moisture of our roads, should discharge their office more frequently, and the men should be less disposed to sweep up huge embankments of slush close to the kerb-stone, into which the short-sighted pedestrian not unfrequently steps after dark, under the fond impression that he is about to tread on firm ground. Of course we could never reckon on entire immunity from our accustomed enemy, for a moist country is a dirty country, and the same influences which make our fields green and fertile fill our streets and ways with mud. But the evil might be minimized, and with cleaner roads we might effect a considerable saving in clothes. The London mud is a terrible enemy to trousers. It is a peculiarly viscous, clinging, and discolouring mud, owing, probably, to the large amount of clay in its composition, and the additional element of pounded granite. We confess that it would be agreeable to have a less intimate and personal acquaintance with its properties and powers.

Yet we may say of mud in particular what Lord Palmerston said of dirt in general—it is only something in a wrong place. Mud may be taken to represent the three natural “kingdoms,” as they used to be called—animal, vegetable, and mineral, with the addition of water. The solid parts of mud are of course mainly mineral; but decaying animal and vegetable matter is also included in the composition. A body so variously made up is capable of many uses, and is in fact turned to account in several ways. The more liquid portion is a good manure, and helps to enrich the soil of market-gardens; the solid matter—in which, as we have said, there is much pulverized stone—enters into the substance of stucco. In the mud of our streets, therefore, we may behold the first principle of future vegetables, and the raw material of future house-fronts. We may even, if we please, derive some very poetical and grand associations from these weltering lengths of slush that convert all our streets into channels of filth. In mud we have a compound of earthy and watery matter, and old writers tell you that the primordial chaos was nothing more. The ancient Phœnician philosophers taught that the rudiments of all created things were formed from the putrefying of the ooze left by the waters of chaos after subsiding. Python, the vast serpent slain by Apollo—a fabulous creature, suggesting some tradition of the plesiosaurian monsters to which modern geology has introduced us—was said by the Pagan Greeks to have been evolved by heat from the moisture left by the Deucalion deluge. Ovid gives a similar account in his “Metamorphoses”; and an old English commentator on the Roman poet says that “heat and moisture, the parents of generation, are feigned here to have produced Python. The word signifies putrefaction.” Milton says that this serpent was “engendered in the Pythian vale on slime”—that is to say, in less poetical language, on mud. It is an ancient superstition that the mud left by the Nile, when its waters retire after the periodical overflow, turns to living creatures under the influence of the sun. Bacon, though not generally inclined to believe what he could not bring to the test of experiment, affirmed in his “Natural History” that many living creatures are produced from putrefaction; and in his philosophical romance, “The New Atlantis,” he suggests the formation of novel kinds of animals in this way. It was once thought that frogs and toads arose from the mud of ditches, quickened by the solar warmth, and, after a time, returned, by a slow process of dissolution, to the earthy moisture of which they were compounded. About the period of one of the great London plagues, toads are said to have been found in the low lands around the city with tails two or three inches long—a remarkable circumstance, which was supposed to result from the unusually prolific condition of the mud, and the corrupt influences in the air. Bacon repeats a fancy of the ancients, that there is a worm that breeds in old snow (which is a kind of mud), and that dies as soon as it comes out of the snow. These relations belong to the general question (still unsettled by men of science) as to whether there is any such thing as spontaneous generation; but it is enough to glance at them to show that mud has been accredited with some very mysterious properties. The ancient Arcadians—a rural people, and therefore acquainted with natural operations—made a very awful deity of a god whom they described as inhabiting the centre of the terrestrial globe, presenting a wet, mossy, and dirty appearance, and emitting an earthy smell. He was the creator of all things out of brute matter, and his name was Demogorgon—a name so tremendous in the estimation of the Arcadians that few dared pronounce it. A modern critic remarks that such a deity might well be respected, “inasmuch as mud and dirt are among the elements of things material, and therefore partake of a certain mystery and divineness.” According to Dr. Webster, who has pointed out the fact in his English Dictionary, there is in many languages a close connection between the words “mud,” “matter,” and “mother.” This appears in the Teutonic languages; in Irish and Welsh; and in Latin and the dialects derived from it. The Latin word for mother is *mater*—which is almost identical with the English word matter, derived from the Latin *materia*. The Anglo-Saxon form of mother is *moder*—the German, *mutter*; and the Danish word for mud is *modder* or *mudder*. In German, a mole, which is an animal that burrows in the earth, is called *mutter-flecken*, or *mutter-mahl*. These are very venerable and even sacred associations to connect with the mud of our streets. Earth and water in combination, and acted on by the heat of the sun, seem in truth to contain the germinating principle of vitality; and a step conducts us thence to the great mystery of maternity. In these remote regions of speculation, the ancients may have had instincts beyond our knowledge.

To descend, however, from such altitudes, we may find something to interest and even please us in a few of the

ordinary aspects of mud. Somebody once invented the compound “mud-shine,” to describe the peculiar glare and heavy richness of colour produced by mud under a powerful light. A slushy road open to the west will burn under the sunset into the most gorgeous breadths of gold or crimson. The colour looks thick, deep, and soft, like the material which reflects it. You can almost fancy a painter taking such a road for his palette, and dipping his brush into the pulpy ripeness. Leigh Hunt relates that one day, when he was a little boy, he went out walking with his mother by Mile-end, “where there was a mound covering the remains of people who died in the Plague.” It had been raining, “and there was a heavy mud in the road, rich with the colour of brown;” and the boy, when he had grown to be an old man, still remembered “looking at this rich mud-colour and admiring it, and seeing the great broad wheels of some waggons go through it, and thinking awfully of the mound, and the Plague, and the dead people.” The same writer, pining in Italy for his native England, and contemplating with rapture his speedy return, can think of nothing so delightful, because there is nothing so distinctly English, as mud. “In fine,” he says, writing to the late Mr. Vincent Novello, “I shall have *mud*. No disrespect to my friends, but you cannot imagine the reverent idea I entertain of a good large weltering road full of right English mud, sewage, and slush. I require it to take the hot dusty taste of Italy out of my mouth, as the Irish chieftain used to roll himself in a quagmire, to get rid of the fever of his wine.” The word slush, by the way, is so admirably descriptive of a certain thick and indolent liquidity, that Keats, imparting to a friend the high and mighty satisfaction he had had in eating a peach, could find no after-phrase for it than “slushy.”

A good story of a muddy road is told by gossiping old Aubrey. He relates of the witty and poetical Richard Corbet, Bishop of Oxford and afterwards of Norwich in the first half of the seventeenth century, that one day as he and his crony, Dr. Stubbins—a jolly, fat doctor—were riding in Lob-lane in wet weather (“’tis an extraordinary deep dirty lane,” says Aubrey, with true enjoyment of his subject), the coach fell, “and Dr. Corbet said that Dr. Stubbins was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.” So that mud has both sublime and humorous, picturesque and touching associations; and yet, after all, we should not be sorry to have our roads a little cleaner.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON has been making some further remarks, at Manchester, on the unfortunate differences between this country and America in connection with the *Alabama*, and the general conduct of England towards the United States during the civil war. After receiving some addresses on Thursday, Mr. Johnson, while admitting that the terms of the proposed arbitration might be objectionable, refused to believe that two nations so enlightened as England and America could discard the principle of arbitration. He added that he had been informed by a telegram from the United States that the Committee of the Senate had not yet reported on the Convention, though it was true that a majority was opposed to it. The ugly facts, however, cannot be hidden, that the Americans are not disposed to meet us in a conciliatory spirit on this painful business; that they are apparently inclined to keep the matter open as a convenient weapon of offence in possible contingencies; that they are desirous of humiliating us, and extracting a money compensation (amounting to some impossible sum) for the whole loss sustained by their merchantmen at the hands of the Confederate privateers; and that Mr. Reverdy Johnson’s sweet speeches find no echo in the popular mind across the Atlantic.

MR. A. H. STEPHENS, formerly vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, has refused to be comforted ever since the collapse of the slave power, until the last few weeks. He now signifies that he once more ventures to hope for his country. It seems that during the last four years, or nearly, “he has been looking for the establishment of a great despotic Government, in which the rights of the States and the liberties of the citizen should be restrained by military power.” The crisis not having come, he thinks the future of the United States, though uncertain (which, indeed, may be said of all sublunary things), is hopeful. All that is wanted to restore prosperity is good government, and Grant is the man to effect that desirable result. The President elect (who will be the President actually in office when we next address our readers) possesses, according

to Mr. Stephens, "the rarest combination of elements of character of, perhaps, any man living." It is strange to find the vice-president of the suppressed Confederacy thus complimenting the very man who completed the ruin of that Government. Let us hope it does not betoken a continuation by General Grant of Mr. Andrew Johnson's policy of upholding Southern pretensions.

THE Spanish constituent Cortes has been engaged in the discussion of some preliminary questions. A rather warm debate has taken place on the proposal to pass a vote of thanks to the Provisional Government, and to confer on Marshal Serrano the executive power, with authority to form a new cabinet. To this motion the Republicans made an amendment, and a long and adjourned debate was the consequence; but at half-past two o'clock on Thursday morning, the motion was carried by 180 votes against 62. It is clear, therefore, that the Republicans have no chance of carrying their schemes of government into execution, unless by some gross mismanagement or signal misfortune on the part of the Monarchists. The favourite for the throne now appears to be Don Fernando, of Portugal; though some of the Portuguese themselves, fearing that such a step might lead to the Iberian union occasionally spoken of by the more advanced of Spanish Liberals, are opposed to his accepting such a position. In many respects he would be a very suitable monarch for the Spaniards, being liberal, yet Catholic, and coming from a cognate people. The idea of uniting the whole of the Peninsula under one Government, and of recovering Gibraltar, is very precious to most Spaniards, and in these days of "unification" and of the formation of great Powers, the project may not be incapable of accomplishment.

PIO NONO is still in great trouble about his little army of the faithful, who seem, upon the whole, to be very unfaithful. According to the Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing on the 17th inst., "the Pope's forces are growing more and more disorganized, so that no branch of his service remains untainted. After the sham fight the other day, some Custom-house officers who were present as spectators fell into a quarrel with some of the dragoons, which ended in a pitched battle. Two of the Custom-house officers were mortally wounded. The issue of the order for the addition of a fourth battalion to the Urban Guard has affronted the Palatine Guard; and the officers of this corps, being under no restraint of discipline, have sent in their resignation in a body. So every day produces some incident to show that the various corps of the army have no more cohesion than a rabble." It is a folly to keep up such an "army" at all. The only protection of the Pope's temporal sovereignty is in the bayonets of France, as all the world knows, and no one better than the Pontiff himself. If there were only the Papal troops to deal with, Garibaldi's red-shirts would soon settle the business.

SAVAGES have an awkward way, sometimes, of arguing on first principles. A Maori chief has been lecturing Colonel Whitmore, the commander of the force sent against the rebel natives in New Zealand, on the abstract rights of the case. Two men belonging to this chief's party rode into the British camp at Woodalls, and delivered a letter from their great man (who bears the high-sounding name of Tito Kowaru), in which, after the terse little exordium, "This is a piece of earnest and sound advice for Whitmore," and the courteous form, "Salutations to you!" the writer asks,—“Whom does England belong to, and to whom belongs the land or country you are now standing upon?” And he then goes on:—"I will tell you; the heavens and the earth were made at one time. In one day was man created, and all productions of any kind that are in the world; and if you think or are aware that God created all, it is well, we are equal thereon. You were formed a European, and England was formed as your country; we are Maories, in New Zealand. There has been placed between you and me a wide barrier—an ocean. Why did you not consider, or take thought before you crossed over here? I did not go from here over to you. Stand away from my place to your own country in the middle of the ocean; go away from the town to some other place." Tito's cosmogony seems a little old-fashioned and out of date; but his reasoning on national rights has a very awkward cogency. His final advice to the Colonel, "Arise, and be baptized," is hardly so pertinent, because there can be little doubt that the gallant officer was long ago subjected to that religious ceremonial. But, on the whole, there is something about Tito Kowaru which one cannot help respecting.

His acceptance of office has not taken from Mr. Bright his old readiness to proclaim broad principles of policy affecting the wellbeing of the great mass of the community. Addressing the Chambers of Commerce at their dinner on Wednesday night, he propounded the questions—"Why is it there is so much pauperism in this country? Why does it increase?" And he went on to observe:—"If the country gentlemen on both sides of the House, and her Majesty's Ministers, and everybody else, try to solve these questions, it will be about the most important employment men can put their minds to, and the result will perhaps bring out something that may change the aspect of the country. Is it not surprising that in a population like this, of thirty millions of people, crowding upon these comparatively small islands, with all the laws which make land a monopoly, with near £70,000,000 sterling of taxation, without including local taxation, being annually raised from these 30,000,000, one half of whom have no property—the great mass of the working classes of the country have been left, in addition to bearing their share, or more than their share, of these enormous burdens, without the means by which they could be instructed and civilized? That I take to be the great problem which will some day or other have to be solved, and in comparison with which many of those peddling questions which sometimes occupy us are as nothing." It should be observed, however, in connection with this pregnant passage, that the number of paupers in London in the second week of February, according to the last return of the Poor Law Board, was 9,350 less than the number in the corresponding week of last year. Still, the pauperism of the country is a gigantic evil, and education, though it might not extirpate the evil, would doubtless lessen it.

RELIGIOUS zeal, whether Popish or Protestant, sometimes takes a very mean form. In the course of the never-ending Saurin case on Thursday, the judge, interrupting the reply of the Solicitor-General for the plaintiff, remarked that the observations which he had from time to time thought fit to make had been the subject of bitter complaint in letters which had reached him from both sides. Sir J. D. Coleridge said that he too had received numerous letters of a similar character, "and the worst of it was that the postage was not paid!" The judge rejoined that fortunately in his case the postage was paid; but it is clear from the Solicitor-General's misfortune that there are a number of shabby enthusiasts who think it all very well to write spiteful letters in the interests of the Pope or of Exeter Hall (as the case may be), but who are not sufficiently devoted to their faith to spare a penny on its behalf.

THE convent case has inspired a certain class of advertisers to announce seasonable wares. The public feeling is catered for with that spirited sentiment of enterprise which utterly ignores the fact that the cause which gave rise to it is still undecided. The comic papers have already "cartooned" the salient points in the trial; and a comic song, termed "I won't be a nun, I won't be a nun," has been specially composed for the million. Nor have the photographers been idle. The windows of the stationers exhibit, with portraits of the new Ministry, likenesses of the plaintiff and defendant and the principal witnesses in the *cause célèbre*. We have no doubt, also, that the proper quantity of wax for an image of Miss Saurin or Mrs. Star is already in the melting-pot of a London institution which is famous for its edifying speculations in notoriety.

It is profitable at last to have a genius for making guns and their carriages. The invention of Captain Moncrieff has been adopted by the Government, and his reward for the discovery is little short of £20,000. This is not too much if the contrivance goes any length to shorten a war or to diminish the chances of having to fight at all. At the same time it is impossible not to make the reflection that the magnificent patronage of the country for a novel method of destroying its enemies presents a remarkable contrast with the favours bestowed upon liberal arts and sciences. Yet the reason is obvious enough. Courage is the greatest of qualities, remarks Johnson, for if a man lacks it he has no means of protecting the qualities he possesses; and so, until the world is more perfect, we must see to our powder and shot, or else all that we have may be taken from us. But will the progressive mechanisms of artillery ever cease? Perhaps the greatest benefactor to his species at present would be the originator of some annihilating process so perfect in its way that its disclosure

would effect the common disarmament of the civilized nations to whom it would be patent.

AN ocean race between two steamers must doubtless be an exciting event, not only to the respective captains, but to the passengers on board the contending ships. They used to do the thing neatly on the Mississippi, when the stoker came up to sit down on the safety-valve, and the boilers were represented as visibly bulging under the eyes of those concerned. We do not think the custom should be encouraged, although the Liverpool merchants, who are given to betting, desire its continuance. However, the insurance offices or underwriters will doubtless see to it. It was only the other day there was a serious accident in a French port, which was attributed to a brisk contest of this kind. It is well known that unusual calls upon machinery subject it to additional chances of a break down, and the helplessness of steamers under sail with crippled screws or paddles has been demonstrated often enough to render skippers cautious of running the risk of depending for safety on canvas alone.

A WIZARD and a witch have turned up in South Devon. Two or three young women at Dittisham fell ill. Their mothers considered the sickness supernatural, and cast about for some one with the repute of an evil eye. To aid them in this search, a wizard was called in, who promised a cure for a sum of money. The fee, however, did not produce the desired result, and a witch was consulted, under whose conjuring it was said the women revived. The witch wanted four pounds for the job; but was frightened into relinquishing her claim by being threatened with a magistrate. Truly we have a right to compassionate the spiritual destitution of the heathen, and teach the Gospel abroad, especially in Equatorial Africa, where magicians abound. When we have done a little successful proselytism in the latter place, perhaps a converted Equatorial African will try his hand upon the parishioners of the rural clergymen in South Devon.

NOTHING is more extraordinary than the ingenuity with which people bent on self-destruction devise new methods of accomplishing their object. The other day, a news-vendor in Camden Town, of weak intellect from his childhood, took a can of paraffin-oil into his bedroom, poured the contents over his body, and literally set himself on fire. He had threatened a few days previously to destroy himself with paraffin, so that it would seem this horrible death was the result of a deliberately-concocted plan. Men have been known to crucify themselves in fits of religious mania, and two or three years ago a carpenter in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street contrived a most elaborate guillotine in connection with a four-post bedstead, and took off his head after the orthodox French fashion.

WHILE improvements are going on in London—such as tearing up pavements for drain-pipes and gas-pipes, knocking the traffic into sidings for new bridges, and such like—the thieves have a good time of it. The other night, as the work-people were passing over Blackfriars temporary bridge, a rush was made by the pickpockets, who succeeded, amidst the shrieks of women and children and the general confusion, in making their little stratagem pay. Two young women were carried off in a fainting condition, and only that some of the men struck the roughs back and protected each other as well as they could, lives would have been lost. The police were actively on the scene—after the event.

THAT unhappy show the Siamese Twins is rendered more disagreeable by the presence of the sightseers than even by the exhibition of the chief actors. But the Circassian lady is worth a visit. We have all read of the customs of the noble country which so long defied the Russians and imported its beautiful daughters into the markets for such commodities in Turkey. Nobody should, then, neglect a visit to the Egyptian Hall in order to realize the narratives of travellers by beholding a specimen of the ladies so peculiarly famous. Seeing, no doubt, is believing—as far, that is to say, as you see, and the interesting young person on view in Piccadilly is not severely tested in the language or the history of her native mountains by the visitors; but, as a matter of fact, we may mention that she is quite unable to speak either Turkish or the native language of the Circassians. For the rest, she is uncommonly like

an Irishwoman of the domestic order, finished off by a residence in New York; but that may arise from a lengthened absence from Circassia. By the way, do the Circassian belles usually attire themselves in a sort of ballet costume, with *can-can* boots?

THE few sea-gulls that ventured to pick up a living on the Serpentine have apparently been driven off by the stone-throwing. They were considered fair game for the idle ruffians who gather about the water, and as they have not been seen for some days, we suspect they have betaken themselves to more genial quarters. We read this item of news in the papers:—"Yesterday afternoon two fine sea-gulls were shot outside Battersea Park. Both were fine specimens, although suffering from want of food." We congratulate the sportsmen on their bag. A sea-gull is an advance upon a sitting sparrow, or that now nearly extinct species of game the Hampstead blackbird. The only drawback to the above achievement is the confession that the gulls were in bad case; otherwise they might have been able to fly, and the triumph of the shooter or shooters would have been more definite and significant.

THERE is a gentle contributor to *Bell's Life* who has been for some weeks recounting the deeds of British boxers in the pages of our contemporary. He designates each chapter a "round," and calls "time" to himself at the finish of it. He terms the *Daily News* "Jupiter Gammon" this week, and goes on to describe the life and deeds of the renowned Mr. Pearce, known amongst his admirers as the Game Chicken. The Game Chicken, after contending with Gully, and giving that gentleman's head such a punching "that it had a giant-like appearance," fought with the veteran who instructed him, and who had only one eye. Our historian describes vividly how Belcher was held upon the ropes, and how the Chicken exclaimed, "I'll no take advantage of thee, Jem; I'll not hit thee, no, lest I hurt thy other eye." This extraordinary instance of self-denial is so poetical to the ring chronicler that he thus paraphrases the words of the Chicken, which he conceives he has improved:—He supposes the latter to have observed to his antagonist, "Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and gentle to these butchers. Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever took his shirt off." We are then informed that this fine fellow became "a burnt-offering and a sacrifice to his devotions to *Venus and Bacchus*, and died of rapid consumption, at the *Coach and Horses, St. Martin's-lane*, on the 30th April, 1809, at the early age of 32 years." "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

THE new Pharmacy Act ought to lessen the number of inquests on the bodies of children. It requires more qualifications from a druggist than being able to spell, and any person unknown to a chemist cannot purchase poison from a shop without a witness, the sale being also registered in a book kept for the purpose. The *Star* complains that the lower classes are deprived, by this law, of an easy method for buying cough mixtures from "the shopkeeper on the village green," but we are inclined to think that the mixtures purchased at the rustic emporiums may be "cough-no-more" prescriptions in a sense different from that in which they are labelled.

CONSOLS are now at 92½ to 93 for money and the account. The railway market has been generally depressed, and prices have given way. Foreign securities have been firm, several having risen a point. Bank shares have been fairly inquired for. Financial shares have been flat, and but a slight business is recorded in miscellaneous shares. The Galleon Treasure Venture Company (Limited) propose to raise £25,000 by debentures of £5 each, to effect the recovery of Spanish treasure-ships sunk in the harbour of Vigo by the English fleet in 1702. The debentures are to be repaid at the rate of £10 each, with interest at 10 per cent.; and each debenture will be entitled to a paid-up share of £5 of the capital, by way of bonus. The venture is a speculation pure and simple. Messrs. Stern Brothers have intimated to the holders of the scrip of the Italian 6 per Cent. Tobacco Loan, that "the term for the exercise of the right of taking shares in the Italian Tobacco Monopoly Company has been extended from the 20th February, which was originally fixed, to the 15th March inclusive, on condition of paying interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum upon the instalment from the 20th inst. to the date of claiming the shares." The coupons of the Danubian Principalities Loan of 1864, due on the 1st of March, and

the bonds drawn for redemption, are advertised for payment on and after the 1st proximo, at the London agency of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. The numbers are published of 507 Bonds, amounting to £145,600, of the Egyptian Government Loan of 1864, which was drawn at the Bank of England on the 15th instant, and are to be paid off at par on the 1st of April next by Messrs. Frühling & Goschen. The half-yearly dividend, due the 1st of March, on the Turkish Six per Cent. Loan of 1858, is announced by Messrs. Dent, Palmer, & Co. On that day bonds amounting to £84,500 have to be paid off. It is announced that the half-yearly dividend on the Charkow-Krementschug Five per Cent. Loan will be paid on and after the 1st of March by Messrs. J. Henry Schroder & Co. The half-yearly dividend due the 1st of March on the Imperial Brazilian Five per Cent. Loan of 1865 is advertised for payment in due course by Messrs. Rothschild, and that on the Danish Four per Cent. stock of 1850-1861 by Messrs. Hambro & Son.

THE report of the Submarine Telegraph Company states that, notwithstanding the great reduction in the charge for messages, the amount received for the past half-year has been larger than in any similar period since 1866, and again recommends a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, together with the addition of £1,483 to the reserve fund. At the same time £2,550 has been provided to pay off debenture bonds and preference certificates falling due on the 1st of March next. At the meeting of the Mutual Life Assurance Society yesterday, the report stated the new policies for the year to have been 248, for £140,865, yielding in annual premiums £5,042. The average addition paid on each policy that became a claim during the past year was £40 on every £100 assured. The accumulated fund is £642,297, and the income £101,950. The report of the Legal and General Life Assurance Society showed the new premiums for 1868 to be £10,107, and the corresponding new assurances to be £282,000. The total income is now £200,000, and the total property upwards of £1,500,000. At the annual meeting of the English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association it was stated that the new policies issued in the year were 618, yielding in new premiums £15,443 and insuring £439,870. The total invested fund is £691,045. At the annual meeting of the National Life Assurance Society, the assurances for the year were stated at £159,920, yielding in premiums £4,874. The report of the Estate Company (Limited) shows an available total of £1,358, which the directors do not deem sufficient for the declaration of a dividend. Since the last yearly meeting there has been a net improvement in the rentals of £1,485 per annum, and there are prospects of steady progress. The report of the Patent Nut and Bolt Company shows a balance of £22,716, and recommends a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £12,000, and the appropriation of £5,000 to the depreciation fund (thus raised to £20,115), leaving £5,716 to be carried forward.

THE report of the Committee of Management of the Bank of London (in liquidation) announces that all the liabilities of the bank, at the date of its stoppage on the 26th of May, 1866, have now been discharged, and that, on the realization of the assets still outstanding, there will be a considerable surplus for division among the shareholders—estimated at £130,000, exclusive of the securities held of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, representing, nominally, £650,000, and which have been the subject of a friendly adjustment. A report has also been issued simultaneously by the committee of shareholders which gives a short history of the course of the bank from its formation, and congratulates the shareholders on the manner in which the liquidation has been conducted by Messrs. Chadwick, Robb, & McNair, they having averted the enforcement of a call of £8. 10s. per share which was ordered by the Court of Chancery at one of the worst periods of the pressure of 1867. The thirteenth annual report of the British Land Company (Limited) states that the sales of land for the year, including timber and materials, have amounted to £211,637, being about £6,000 more than during the previous year. After paying the interim dividend of 5 per cent., amounting to £7,500, the balance-sheet shows a profit of £30,552, and out of this sum the directors recommend a further dividend of 5 per cent. and a bonus of 10 per cent., free of income-tax, making 20 per cent. for the year, and leaving a balance of £8,052. The report of the Anglo-Italian Bank (Limited) states that the business for the past year has resulted in a net profit of £17,569 (being at the rate of nearly 9 per cent. per annum

upon the capital), and making with the balance of £1,164 brought forward from the 31st of December, 1867, a credit total of £18,733. Having regard, however, to the old contingencies mentioned in previous reports, the directors think it inexpedient to declare a dividend on this occasion, but propose that £15,000 be transferred to a special reserve fund, and that the balance, £3,733, be carried forward. A local committee has been formed at Naples, consisting of partners in some of the principal houses in that city who hold a considerable number of shares in the bank.

MEMORANDA.

At length the murder is out, and the amalgamation of the operatic companies formally advertised. The season will commence at Covent Garden on the 30th March, and the engagements include Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, and Titiens. The *Daily News* too hastily assumes that "one consequence of this fusion of interests will be a rare combination of great solo singers;" for it does not by any means follow that all these singers will be engaged at the same time. On the contrary, the chances are, as we recently pointed out, that the joint-directorship, being practically master of the situation, will produce only such operas, and engage only such singers, as it pleases. A writer in the *Standard* observes, "Rumour will have it that there is to be but one band and one chorus for the five or six representations per week, and every practical professor or cultivated connoisseur will at once declare that the working of such a system is simply impossible, except on the theory that there are to be no new operas mounted, and but scanty rehearsals for the old works of the *répertoire*." He also fears a return to the pernicious starsystem; an apprehension which gains additional ground by the refusal of Mr. Costa to accept an engagement under the conditions which that engagement would impose upon him. However, as Mr. Mapleson is likely to be strong, let us hope that he will be proportionately merciful. The musical taste of the public has been growing of late years; and it is not to be too wantonly trifled with. When we are confronted by the happy picture which the writer in the *Standard* suggests—the appearance of Patti, Nilsson, Titiens, Fricci, Mario, Mongini, Santley, and Graziani—we shall cease to complain of the project. But why should Madame Trebelli-Bettini be left out of the list, since we are to have perfect "casts"?

The *City Press* warns the public against a person who is going about in its name and getting his dinner for nothing. That, at least, we take to be the meaning of the phrase "presenting himself in our name in public assemblies, preferring as a rule—so we are informed—occasions of corporeal festivity." The public is directed to recognise the impostor by the fact that his behaviour is "such as to suggest the impossibility of his being connected with any newspaper." Now, we are curious to know what this distinctive peculiarity of newspaper-men may be which this person lacks. What distinguishes him at a glance from "gentlemen of the press"? Does he use soap?

We have to correct a clerical error which occurred in the LONDON REVIEW of last week. The name of the authoress of "Mea Culpa" is Miss Perrier, not "Ferrier."

The last addition to the Tauchnitz "Collection of British Authors" is the New Testament. The conjunction is rather odd.

The St. James's Theatre has again changed hands. It has been taken by Mrs. John Wood, the American actress. The St. James's has an excellent situation, and, with a good piece, it ought not to be difficult to fill it.

The following suggestive paragraph, which looks uncommonly like an advertisement, is going the round of the papers:—

"A NEW DRAMATIC SENSATION.—It is said that a young and rather prepossessing lady of an old and highly respectable English family will make her appearance at one of the West-end theatres, at Easter, in an equestrian drama of great magnificence, and abounding in wonderful and sensational effects. The young lady is well known in the hunting-field as one of the most fearless and daring of riders."

Why not tell us how much jewellery the young and prepossessing lady will wear on the night of her *début*?

The managing committee of the Newspaper Press Fund have appointed Saturday, 5th of June, for the anniversary dinner at Willis's Rooms, at which Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the American envoy, will preside.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., has consented to preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, to be held on the 5th of May.

Will-o'-the-Wisp is being disowned by its kith and kin. *Judy*, another "journal of humour," addresses the following letter to the *Standard*:—"The editor of *Judy* presents his compliments to the editor, and begs to state that until reading in the papers of this morning the assertion of Mr. Childers that copies of *Judy* had been supplied to the fleet, no person connected with *Judy* had any cognisance of the fact, and that such copies were not sent from this office. Moreover, the editor would wish it to be known that *Judy* (the first Conservative journal of humour successfully started) has had no support of any kind, directly or indirectly, from Government.—Feb. 24."

A course of free popular and scientific lectures, including dramatic readings and recitals, is in course of delivery at the Crystal Palace every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

At Whitsuntide, at Bradford, a monument of the late Mr. Richard Oastler, the successful advocate of the "Ten Hours Bill," is to be uncovered by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

An amateur theatrical performance, in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital, is announced to take place at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, to-day (Saturday). The performance will include Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy of "One Hundred Thousand Pounds," after which Macfarren's song, "Nobody's night," and a ballad, "The Forsaken;" to conclude with J. Maddison Morton's farce of "To Paris and Back for Five Pounds."

We regret to announce the unexpected decease, on Monday last, of Mr. George Townsend, the author of the "Manual of Dates," "Men of the Time," and other well-known works of reference. Mr. Townsend was a most laborious and conscientious literary worker, and his death was doubtless induced by over-taxation of the brain. For some months past he had been engaged upon a compilation for Messrs. Wyman & Sons, entitled the "Handbook of the Year." His death will be a real loss to literature.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Baldwin, who was a partner in one of the largest publishing firms in the city of London. Subsequently, about the time of the agitation for Catholic emancipation, and in conjunction with the late Dr. Giffard, Dr. McGinn, and others, he established the *Standard* newspaper, of which he continued the sole proprietor for many years. He was also a magistrate for the county of Surrey, had long been the father of the Stationers' Company, and was one of the founders of the Royal Literary Fund.

The publication of Emile Ollivier's book—which is expected to be one of the features of the literary and political year—has been postponed. In the mean time we are favoured with the following glimpse of the table of contents:—*Le 19 Janvier. — Compte rendu aux Electeurs de la Troisième Circonscription de la Seine, par M. Emile Ollivier. Dédicace. Première Partie: Mes antécédents m'interdisaient-ils d'aller chez l'Empereur? — 1. 1848, Mon Commissariat dans les Bouches-du-Rhône et le Var, ma Préfecture à Marseille et à Chaumont. 2. 1849 à 1852. 3. Le Coup d'Etat. 4. Les Elections de 1857. 5. Le Serment, ce qu'il signifie, à quoi il engage. 6. Les Cinq. 7. Les Elections de 1863. 8. La Loi des Coalitions. 9. L'Isolément. 10. M. de Morny. 11. L'Amendement des 42. 12. Conclusion: J'étais obligé d'aller chez l'Empereur. Deuxième Partie: 13. La nécessité de la légitime défense m'impose ce récit: c'est la réponse aux deux ans de calomnie. 14. Les préliminaires: M. Walewski. 15. La négociation: l'Empereur. 16. L'exécution: le Vice-Empereur. 17. Les remèdes. 18. Ma lutte contre la réaction. 19. De la liberté des Conventions. 20. Des rapports de l'Eglise et de l'Etat. 21. Mes joies. 22. Conclusion.*

Madame Victor Hugo has left in her will the pen with which her illustrious husband wrote the first volume of the "Contemplations" to Jules Janin, with the following message:—"To our friend in sunshine and in shade, to the valiant defender of all exiles and of all courage, I bequeath the pen with which my husband wrote the first volume of the 'Contemplations.' It will be found in one of the small drawers of my lemon-wood secretary, which is in my bedroom." The pen with which Victor Hugo wrote "Les Châtiments" was given by him to Camille Berru, the secretary of the *Indépendance Belge*, who has had it carefully placed beneath a glass and preserved in his library, with a note from the author to certify the fact.

A convention of American philologists will meet in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 27, 1869. Measures are to be taken to complete the organization of a national society for promoting philological studies and research in America. Papers on various branches will be read by distinguished linguists, and various questions relative to the comparative educational value of the modern and classic languages will be discussed.

The seals have just been taken off the property of the Princess Baciocchi, in presence of Marshal Vaillant and M. Chassaing-Goyon, who had represented the Emperor and the Council of State respectively at the funeral. The family papers have been brought to the Emperor, and among them are said to be forty-five different volumes containing notes made by Napoleon I. at St. Helena. The Princess, besides her property in Brittany, possessed, as has been stated, an estate at Trieste, which produces a revenue of 100,000*fr.* a year; the whole being left to the Prince Imperial.

Next August will be awarded, to the finest work of French art produced within the last five years, the Emperor's prize of four thousand pounds. The jury will consist of ten painters, ten sculptors, and ten architects. These members will be selected from the Academy of Fine Arts and the Imperial Institute of France. The prize will be awarded at a full meeting of the five academies. Félicien David's biennial prize of eight hundred pounds will be awarded at the same time to the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

The Institution of Civil Engineers will hold its next meeting on Tuesday, March 2nd, at 8 p.m., when the following papers will be read:—1. "On Sinking Wells for the Foundations of the Piers of the Jumna Bridge, Delhi Railway," by Mr. Inrie Bell, M. Inst. C.E. 2. "Description of Apparatus for Excavating the Interior of, and for Sinking Iron Columns," by Mr. John Milroy, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

At the next meeting of the Society of Arts, on March 3rd, at 8 p.m., there will be a paper read by Mr. H. H. Sales "On the Adaptation and Extension of Present Means for the Promotion of Scientific Instruction."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.*

THE purpose of the Abyssinian expedition was the liberation of Consul Cameron, Mr. Rassam, certain Europeans, and others held in captivity by the Emperor Theodore. Thanks to the able commander-in-chief of the expedition, and the energetic officers under him, the vast difficulties of a long mountainous march were cheerfully surmounted, and, with comparatively little fighting or bloodshed on the British side of the account, the work of liberation was at length successfully accomplished. The story is known to everybody, and we suppose that everybody is satisfied with the result. Were it otherwise—supposing that some ground for dissatisfaction really existed, it would probably be found in the pecuniary features of the case. At first the expedition was to cost five millions of money—a big enough sum surely; but it turns out that we shall have to pay about two millions more than the original estimate, which looks ugly. Of course, we are not going to say that £7,000,000 for sixty-seven persons is altogether a bad bargain. Certain single individuals would themselves be cheap at the price. A man like Cromwell, for instance, would, at the present moment, not be too dear to Abyssinia or Mexico at seven or even seventy millions—knowing very well, as we do, that either country will spend far more money or money's worth, before such a man appears to rule it and weld its rebellious elements into one nation. We have little desire to look at the expedition of liberation through solely pecuniary media. We prefer regarding it as a vindication of national honour, or as the performance of a national duty. Some duties are, however, created by the neglect or imperfect discharge of previous duties, so that the blunderings of one day do sometimes materially increase the burdens of the day following. The necessity for the Abyssinian expedition being, as we think, to a large extent at least, if not wholly, the result of blundering on our part, it is almost impossible to avoid thinking that those seven millions might have been saved for home uses—for the liberation, here in London, and in other British cities, of certain of our own captives who have long been under the dominion of tyrants as bad as Theodore. The money might have endowed half a dozen universities in various parts of the country, or founded a score of first-rate schools. These, we admit, are views of the soft philanthropic order, and altogether deficient in the heroic ring which our words ought perhaps to possess in speaking of Mr. Markham's excellent account of the expedition to Abyssinia. Nevertheless, we have read the book, and we retain our views. Nor are we blind to the fact that war is an evil frequently mixed with much good to the country in which it is waged, just as a tempest, otherwise destructive, may be the means of carrying new and bountiful seeds from distant lands to the deluged soil. But we can hardly anticipate that Abyssinia will be greatly benefited by our visit to it. Our stay was too brief, and both chiefs and people were too unreceptive to catch any contagion of civilization, or take a liking for any good thing which we were qualified to communicate. Abyssinia was shut in from the outward world when the British forces went to it, and as a matter of fact, it remains shut in still. Of course we did not advance into the country to civilize it, or to reunite it to the rest of Christendom, although it is professedly itself a bit of Christendom, but simply to bring home the captives, peacefully or otherwise, as the case might turn out. Yet it is altogether unusual that any country, especially one so interesting and so comparatively accessible as Abyssinia, should be successfully invaded, and after the invasion be again shut up as in a geographical prison. The fact is, the country is hemmed in by a belt of Islamism along the sea-coast, the territory being under the sovereignty of the Viceroy of Egypt—which is either a huge joke or a scandal.

Mr. Markham was an eye-witness of the major part of what he relates in his book, which is written in a clear, steady, matter-of-fact, reliable kind of style. About things and persons in Abyssinia he speaks in a tone of intelligent moderation, which is a distinct gain, especially when there is so great temptation to employ heated and exaggerated language. He writes like a man writing history—coolly, with good taste and judgment, whose record is meant to be as useful and reliable to-morrow or the day after as it was yesterday or is to-day. The story of the expedition is already so widely known that any recapitulation of it would be superfluous. We may say, however, that Mr. Markham opens his book by graphically sketching the history of Abyssinia from the earliest times to the days of King Theodore, whose origin and remarkable

* A History of the Abyssinian Expedition. By Clements R. Markham, F.R.S. With a Chapter containing an Account of the Mission and Captivity of Mr. Rassam and his Companions. By Lieutenant W. F. Frideaux, Bombay Staff Corps. London: Macmillan & Co.

ascent to power are also freely indicated, together with the facts relating to the imprisonment of Consul Cameron, and the mission and captivity of Mr. Rassam and his companions, this part of the narrative being from the pen of Lieutenant Prideaux. In resuming the story, Mr. Markham gives a complete account of the somewhat stupid origin of the cause which called forth the interference of the British, the various stages in the expedition, from its landing at Mulcutto to its arrival in the vicinity of Magdala, the defeat of the Abyssinian force, the release of the captives, and the death of the Emperor. It is needless to say that Sir Robert Napier was perfectly successful in his movement against Theodore, who had, however, become desperate and reckless by the time the British arrived in the country; and it seems ungracious to state that the campaign was attended with a palpable element of blundering. Against the advice of Colonel Mereweather, who was thoroughly posted up on the subject, the expedition was undertaken upon a scale unnecessarily large and expensive. It does seem, moreover, that a fair chance was missed of making a bold push and intercepting Theodore before he could reach Magdala, where the captives were lodged:—

"The alternative plan—the plan on which the campaign was actually conducted—allowed Theodore to reach Magdala at his leisure, with all his guns, and thus placed the captives at his mercy, while the English general was maturing arrangements on so large and complete a scale as to leave no room for any possible mischance to his troops. The former plan, if successful, would have secured the captives from danger, and brought the campaign to a conclusion in the shortest possible time, and at the smallest possible cost. The latter plan exposed the captives to desperate risk, for their fate was allowed to depend on the policy or humanity of Theodore, and it involved enormously disproportionate outlay as regarded the work to be done, and great loss of time. The first more vigorous and adventurous mode of proceeding was evidently, at first sight, the most obvious and natural course, for Sir Robert Napier considered it necessary to give his reasons for not adopting it; and a narrative of the expedition would be incomplete which did not record what was said at the time, with reference to intercepting Theodore on his flank march."

In fact, the scale of arrangements insisted on by Sir Robert Napier involved a campaign of two years' duration, which, however, was finally abandoned, though not till Theodore had reached the vicinity of Magdala. Then, there was some wasteful blundering in the supply of saddles for the mules. The only really useful pack-saddle is the *aparejo* of Spain and South America, not a single specimen of which was to be found in Abyssinia. There were plenty of the wrong kind, which of course tortured and murdered the poor animals in great numbers. In spite, however, of many drawbacks, the transport service was ably conducted; and all the more safely and successfully through the fact that a thorough good understanding was established with the chiefs and people along the line of march, up to the very gates of Magdala. Everything went forward with complete order and energy; and when the commander-in-chief arrived in the beginning of January, "he found most of the difficulties overcome, and with good reason did he congratulate the advanced force for the progress made in the expedition by the establishment of a firm footing on the highlands of Abyssinia." The march was "over a fine country, yielding corn, grass, wood, cattle, and means of transport, with a friendly population and no enemy in the field, in one of the most healthy climates in the world." Theodore starting from Debra Tabor, and the British from Mulcutto, advanced on two lines which met at Magdala, forming almost a right-angle. The King, in leaving Debra Tabor, burned it to the ground. Referring to this period, Mr. Markham says:—

"From this date the reign of King Theodore may be said to have come to an end; for, besides Magdala, he now literally had not a foot of ground he could call his own beyond that on which his soldiers stood. His career had been most remarkable. Rising to power through his own unaided ability, carrying all before him by his audacity and military genius, and actuated at the commencement of his reign by high and noble aims, his failure may be set down to ignorance of the art of governing, and to his own inordinate pride. The latter grave fault in his character increased with the opposition he met with from the rebels, until at last he became mad with ungovernable insolence, drunk with power and despotism. This alone can account for the unreasoning cruelties and wild insensate acts of the last years of his reign. At that time, the few good and noble points in the man were eclipsed, but were not entirely extinguished. He was a genius, and a very remarkable one. It is a misuse of terms to call him a savage, except in the sense that Peter the Great was a savage. They were both kings of men; both endowed with military genius; both lovers of the mechanical arts; both possessed of dauntless courage; and, while capable of noble and generous acts, both men were frequently guilty of perpetrating most horrible atrocities.

"When Theodore was fallen, and had commenced his forlorn march, many of the great qualities of his younger days returned to him again. He became more considerate to his soldiers, and certainly displayed an amount of indomitable energy, military skill, and fertility of resource that entitles his march to rank as one of the most re-

markable in history. With no base of operations, surrounded by watchful enemies, and with the necessity of constructing roads for heavy artillery over a most difficult country, he yet overcame all these obstacles, and achieved what was certainly looked upon by his countrymen as an impossibility."

We like the discriminating tone of Mr. Markham's language—it is the only tone in which a writer can possibly do justice to friend or foe, and is happily vastly different from that in which many critics and correspondents presumed to estimate the character of the Abyssinian king. The fact that Theodore did not slaughter his European captives, is surely a proof that he was not wholly a barbarian; proves it, too, on the very ground that he withheld his hand from such a slaughter through fear of the consequences, for a barbarian seldom cares for or calculates consequences. Fear itself is one sign of conscience. But it could hardly be from fear that such a man as Theodore spared the Europeans. Better say that it was policy; and, if it was so, the fact proves more strongly that he was far indeed from being the savage, pure and simple, that some writers have described him to be. He had already profitably employed his captives; and possibly he expected to use them, should the worst come to the worse, as instruments to secure for himself terms with the English commander which would not be wholly humiliating to the soaring pride of his character. In this, as he had an entirely novel enemy to deal with, he made a complete miscalculation. For, after the action at Arogyè, in which his power was finally shattered, he discovered, unwillingly enough, that nothing could possibly satisfy his irresistible opponent but unconditional surrender. Swallow this pill he would not; the wild, heroic, Macbeth-like king chose rather to put a bullet in his mouth, which quenched his crimes and sufferings in a moment. The last scene in the life of this remarkable man is thus described by Mr. Markham:—

"The English soldiers were now swarming through the Koket-bir. Theodore reached some huts on the *amba*, about fifty yards from the second gate. Here he dismissed all his surviving followers, except his faithful Walda Gâbir, telling them to leave him and save their own lives. 'Flee,' he said, 'I release you from your allegiance; as for me, I shall never fall into the hands of the enemy.' As soon as they were gone, he turned to Walda Gâbir and said: 'It is finished. Sooner than fall into their hands, I will kill myself.' He put a pistol into his mouth, fired it, and fell dead; the ball passing through the roof of his mouth and out at the back of his head. This was, as nearly as possible, at ten minutes past four in the afternoon. The English soldiers were then running up between the first and second gates. . . . At this moment Sir Charles Staveley came through the second gate, and a man ran up to him saying, that all the prisoners [who had broken out of their prisons] were declaring that a dead body lying near was that of the King. The body was put into a litter and brought to Sir Charles, and the prisoners, first glancing at the face, and then taking up one hand and looking at a finger that had been broken, one and all exclaimed, 'Teôdôros!' Sir Charles walked on, and a crowd came round the body, gave three cheers over it as if it had been that of a dead fox, and then began to tear the clothes to pieces until it was nearly naked. The days of chivalry are gone!

"The body was excessively emaciated, and it appears that Theodore had fasted for four days before his death, supporting himself on *tej* and drams of *araki*. The body was that of a man of medium stature, well built, with broad chest, small waist, and muscular limbs. The hair was much dishevelled, crisp, and coarse, done in three plaits, with little stump tails. But it had evidently not been dressed or buttered for days. The complexion was dark for an Abyssinian, but the features showed no trace of negro blood. The eyebrows had a peculiar curve downwards and over the nose, and there was a deep-curved furrow in the centre of the forehead. The nose was aquiline, and finely cut, with a low bridge; the lips very thin and cruel; the face, though thin, rather round than oval. The once changeful eyes had lost their meaning—one closed, the other staring. The scanty beard and moustache contained many grey hairs. Theodore was in his fiftieth year and in the fifteenth of his reign.

"Thus ended the career of the most remarkable man that has arisen in Africa within the present century. His misdeeds had been numerous, his cruelties horrible; but he was not without great and noble qualities. He was a grand, not a contemptible tyrant. He feared no man. His greatest and more powerful enemies were, as a rule, not put to death when they fell into his hands. His indomitable energy and perseverance, his military skill, and his dauntless courage command respect, while his cruelties are execrated. He preferred death to lingering out a contemptible existence after his true career was over, and he died like a hero.

'Oportet Imperatorem stantem mori.'

The reader of Mr. Markham's volume is assisted by several good maps, and the volume concludes with appendices containing a great body of meteorological observations in Abyssinia. There is also a well-constructed index which is of great use.

SEVEN YEARS' WRITING.*

WE could have wished that Mr. Gibbs had given us a more attractive title for a poem which has so many marked charac-

* Seven Years' Writing for Seven Days' Reading. Part I. By William Alfred Gibbs. London: Moxon.

teristics to recommend it. It is true that the story falls naturally into seven parts; but it is not at all likely that the reader who perceives the very terrible and tragic interest of the tale will coldly apportion off so many pages to each prescribed day. Indeed, we cannot remember any recent work of literature which, with quiet accessories, a subdued manner, and a general faithfulness and simplicity of description, deals with so tragic a subject as the volume before us. We do not presume that Mr. Gibbs, in arranging his materials for a work of art, had for his principal purpose the inculcation of any obvious moral; but that a very definite and practical lesson lies clearly in the book will be apparent when we sketch briefly an outline of the story. It must be premised, however, that the special excellence of this poem seems to us to be the pictures of domestic life which it presents. These are really very charmingly done, with a grace and ease that half conceal the sharpness and vivid individuality of the portraits. It is only when one looks back that one perceives how very life-like and real are those figures which have been introduced to us with so little dramatic effort and yet with so much dramatic effect. At the very outset we are confronted with one of those delicately-pictured scenes. We have the gentle mother,—

"Bright, genial, prudent, gaily, kindly wise,
She moved amongst her children like a queen;
Wisdom her crown, and for her sceptre, love,"—

surrounded by her little ones, whose incipient characteristics are here as yet only hinted at. We have Margaret, with a touch of her mother's prudence and matronliness; Eva, whose

"Fine-wrought sense of beauty tuned her soul
Too high and painfully for common life."

Harold, the mischief-maker, and his younger sisters,—

"Sweet, docile Mabel, and imperious Maude,
That little queenly maiden, whose fair head,
Thrown back in proud resentment of a slight,
Showed such a noble face, and flashing eye,
That rebuke paused before it fell on her;
And last the blue-eyed beauty, Lilian,
The little gentle one, whose tiny feet
Would patter o'er the hall, like plashing rain,
Whose softly indistinct and half-formed words
Seemed to make imperfection beautiful;—
This—was the little empire, over which
Love ruled supreme, aided by skill and thought."

There is a secret element of destruction working in the very heart of this happy household. The curse of insanity, consequent upon the intermarriage of near relations, has fallen upon the family; and it is the mother herself who is the first victim. The horror of the family when they first observe

"The wild dilated eye and quivering lip,
The aimless gesture, and the staggering clutch
At something that was nothing but the air,"

is powerfully described. After a few years passed under the shadow of hopeless insanity the mother dies, and the tale takes up the story of her daughter Eva. A young neighbour, named Arnold, falls in love with her, and she with him. He comes to her father and asks him for the hand of his daughter:—

"A wailing voice struck shrilly on his ear;
Worn, wasted hands, wrung in deep agony,
Then lifted up with warning gesture, spread
A shroud-like scroll before his darkening gaze,
On which in lurid, fitful flame was writ
'Madness or death.'"

The father cannot refuse and dare not consent. He gives an evasive answer, and talks about some scandal which, uttered some years ago, must be cleared away before he can allow his daughter to marry. Arnold sets off to confront the slanderer, and returns triumphant. There is no longer possibility of evasion, and the fatal family secret is revealed to him, the father beseeching Arnold to abandon the thought of marriage. This is his answer:—

"Too late!
Our lives are now so intertwined by love,
That life is only possible with love,
Madness may come, or may not, if we wed,
To blast my future home, as it did thine;
With open eyes I do accept the risk,
With open hand I dare this fearful thing,
Upon my head be all the self-reproach;
For should we now retract the holy vows,
Tear up the contract written in our hearts,
Madness to her were then inevitable,
And living death to me for evermore."

We cannot follow in detail the fortunes of the two lovers—their marriage, their long and happy journeyings, their peaceful

married life, which is all at once cut short by the fate that hangs over the doomed family. After giving birth to a daughter, Eva slowly sinks, the physicians giving "madness or death" as the only alternative. She is spared the misery of a wretched life by the easy relief of death. This, properly speaking, is the end of the first part of the story. Thereafter the other members of the family are brought more prominently before us, especially Margaret, who refuses the man she loves, lest she should involve him too in the fate which hangs over herself and her relatives. At present we cannot follow out the remaining course of the narrative, and must content ourselves with mentioning a few of the characteristics of Mr. Gibbs's poetry.

The chief of these, as it seems to us, we have already indicated. The home-pictures which are crowded into this little volume are quite a study in themselves, including not only the translation of character and emotion, but exhibiting also very keen and clever bits of description. There is always a certain picturesqueness about Mr. Gibbs's writing, even when it treats most lightly of almost insignificant things. Here is a brief jotting about children's play:—

"The girls would frolic round him like young fawns,
And for proud Maude he oft would play the boy,
Trying to tease her into mimic rages,
That he might mark the queenly dignity
Of arched neck, proud step, and flashing eye,
Dilated nostril, and uplifted arm.
Mabel clung to him with fond childish love,
And often raised a mist before his eyes
By some unconscious gesture, tone, or look
That seemed to bring his Eva from the grave."

We observe also in these pages some fine and vivid descriptions of scenery—especially of woodland scenery. Occasionally, however, we have an excellent little sea-piece or coast-piece—

"Slowly undulating country sides
Dotted with homesteads, woodlands, villages;
Then in mid distance, the old market town
Seemed clustering round the grey cathedral spire;
While in the far horizon shone the sea."

Mr. Gibbs's blank verse is easy and graceful; but it is here and there marred by the use of a trochee as the final foot. Considerable liberties are at present taken with iambic verse; but, so far as we know, the last iamb is held sacred, as the final spondee of the hexameter ought to be. This, however, is only a technical blunder in a book which is full of vigorous and graceful writing, which breathes a hopeful and manly spirit, and which paints domestic life in the most winning colours. The book is one which is, perhaps, most likely to attract middle-aged readers; and they cannot fail to be struck by its kindly wisdom, its earnestness of purpose, and the charming purity and sweetness of its tone.

LECTURES ON LITERATURE AND ART.*

THE first of these lectures, or rather essays, on the social development of the Ancient Greeks, by Mr. Mahaffy, is an excellent specimen of the sensible kind of classic learning. It is interesting not only from a certain conscious simplicity of style, but from a half-hidden humorous parallel, which only discloses itself gradually to the reader. Mr. Mahaffy is so versed in his subject that he can afford to treat it in an easy, familiar manner, without danger of stumbling into blunders which beset the path of an unskilled explorer, who has to trust to a dictionary for a guide-book. The chapter might be appropriately headed, "A Mode of Pulling Down the Ancient Greeks." Most persons with recollections of Mr. Pope's *chef d'œuvre*, and of the veneration of their respective schoolmasters, with impressions, perhaps, derived from such rhapsodical Anglo-Hellenics as Keats, are accustomed to regard the Greeks as a wonderful and heroic people, full of beautiful sentiments, and bursting with noble designs. Mr. Mahaffy does not share this belief. He analyzes the race with a cool disregard for common precedents. He takes up three epochs. The first is the Homeric. It will startle a good many to be informed that the greatest men of that period were neither very courageous nor very honest. They frequently ran away from danger; and Ulysses reports that the finest of them roared with fright in the prospect of being concealed in the body of the famous stalking-horse. The poets were obliged to ascribe these displays to the interferences of the gods, who had, of course, as much to do with them as the salmon and salad with the headaches of

* The Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art delivered in the Theatre of the Royal College of Science, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in the Years 1867-1869. London: Bell & Daldy.

the morning after a supper. Piracy was no more regarded as a crime amongst the Greeks than it was amongst the inhabitants of Borneo. Honour was a relative duty with the famous ancients. Ulysses, for instance, was celebrated "for stratagem and the use of the oath." So that he would have appeared to have studied the manufacture of the latter with as much conscience as he might the use of the globes. The sagacious man was relentless in vengeance. When he returns to home and to Penelope he hangs twelve maid-servants in a row offhand, besides mutilating a goatherd. The remark of the poet on the occasion touching the wholesale execution of the domestic servants is a notable example of that unaffected simplicity of manner which the world so much admires in Homer. "They kicked about with their feet a little while," he says, "but not very long." Now, is not this a hint for the gentlemen of the press who describe our own "private" gallows-scenes? Nor was Ulysses without a keen eye to business. When Penelope is wooed with presents, her husband is proud not only of her virtue in giving nothing for them, but of her tact in keeping them, by which he reflects he will be so much the gainer. In the Euripidean age we shall find that the Greeks did not differ essentially from ourselves in a social point of view. Mr. Mahaffy considers it an improvement that they put criminals to death by making them drink a jug of poison, instead of furnishing to the public that exhibition to which Homer refers. But we doubt whether this can be considered an advance. Old people had a bad time of it amongst the Greeks of the Euripidean era. There seemed to be no room or provision made for them; and it would almost have been kindness to make the rule in their regard which obtains somewhere amongst the savages of knocking a father on the head when his life is supposed to be a burden to him. The women were treated Asiatically, and with "contemptuous ridicule in comedy or with still more contemptuous silence in tragedy." The ideal women of Sophocles are coarse and almost brutal. In Euripides "women are powerful only in one point, in passion." From *CEconomicus* we learn also that a maid was given over to her husband in a state of accomplished ignorance. She had to be educated and trained by her spouse. Even then there were girls who wore high-heeled boots and rouge; and Menander informs us that there was a practice of dyeing the hair yellow amongst the young dames of the period. Later again, the Greeks fell off from the arts of war, and went still lower in minor morals. Their major morals were well discussed, but as slightly observed as major morals are amongst the agricultural labourers of England. Menander was the author of that generous and high-minded apothegm, "He that fights and runs away will live to fight another day," a proverb which may be described as the wit of one and the salvation of millions. Satire against women became ferocious. "The man is actually married," says a witty fragment of the poet Antiphanes. "My goodness, do you say so? Is it the man whom I left alive and walking about?" This is a fair specimen of the fashionable misogyny of the time, and we have scarcely improved on it now with all our experience. Menander's comedies are full of satire upon dinner-parties. We have an account of the vanity of the cooks; of the extortions of fishmongers; of the vulgarity of large entertainments. Our own social history consists so far of repetitions. We also have our vain cooks, extortionate fishmongers, and overcrowded banquets. Is it not curious to read this fragment of Menander's and note its applicability? "It is a dreadful thing," he makes one of his characters say, "to fall among relations at a dinner-party, where the father, keeping hand on the bottle, spins a long yarn and makes no joke without an explanation; and then the mother begins, and then an old grandmother puts in her talk; and then another old fellow, with a husky voice, the grandmother's father, begins; and then another old lady, who calls him her darling pet. But the poor guest has to sit and try to look intelligent all the time."

Professor Jellett is unfortunate in his argument for the genuineness of the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, by adducing as a first proof the number of editions it has gone through. We need not dwell on the slender nature of such reasoning. He goes on further to talk what we must be excused for calling nonsense. He wants us to believe that poetry is to be measured by its popularity. Why did he not lecture on Tupper, instead of upon Scott? We do not think the latter would be obliged to him for such criticism as the following: "If the simple lovers of nature have in imagination revelled in the glories of Loch Katrine—if boys have pored with rapture over the battle-scene in 'Marmion,' their judgment is not less valuable because 'they admire without knowing why.'" We take leave to think their judgment is very much less valuable—less valuable in proportion to their want of intelligence. Let us put a sentence in

this way: "If the simple admirers of rhetoric have in imagination revelled in the glories of Professor Jellett's fine language—if old women have been struck with his acumen when talking of Sir Walter Scott—their judgment is scarce less valuable because 'they admire without knowing why.'" Further on, however, Professor Jellett improves upon this strain, though he is altogether a very amateur critic indeed, and not worth following in detail.

The lecture "On the Mystery of Life and its Arts," by Mr. Ruskin, is characteristic in every respect of the speaker. Turner comes in at the fourth page, and there is an introduction about the clouds, nebulous and misty, shot through, however, with those gleams of rare genius which resemble the sudden lights in the picture of the artist. The paper is entertaining as a record of what might be termed Mr. Ruskin's tentatives. He tells of his failure to establish Turnerism as an art religion in the country, of his next attempt to popularize certain styles of architecture. Mr. Ruskin confesses failure in that direction also. "The architecture we endeavoured to introduce is inconsistent alike with the reckless luxury, the deforming mechanism, and the squalid misery of modern cities." But Mr. Ruskin is not rendered cynical or distrustful by his disappointments. He still believes in the "advancing power of human nature," and in similar lively abstractions. The lecturer occasionally dropped a theological dogma on the heads and bonnets of his audience, which must have startled them, especially as he almost rebuked them for love of art when heaven was in prospect. Very striking, too, is Mr. Ruskin on religious grounds. "Can you answer," he asks the ladies and gentlemen who were hungry for nourishment of a literary or artistic kind—"Can you answer a single bold question unflinchingly about the other world—Are you sure there is a heaven? sure there is a hell? *Sure that men are dropping before your faces through the pavements of these streets into eternal fire, or sure they are not?*" Highly refreshing queries these to put to fashionable people in the merry month of May—and on a week-day too! After this flight, Mr. Ruskin condenses into a narrative of a dream. We say condenses advisedly, for his dream is more substantial than his waking visions. We find it hard, indeed, to get at the bottom of what Mr. Ruskin intends. It is very grand, no doubt, and it must have pleased the people mightily to hear it, but we are afraid we must consider it amongst the many things which Mr. Ruskin has done, in which, to use his own expression, "people thought of the words only, and cared nothing for their meaning." It must be said for Mr. Ruskin that, if an author could possibly reconcile us to a divorce between words and their sense, he, of all men, would be most likely to effect that disposition.

We rather distrust comparisons between Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. They have an odour of the mechanics' institute. Besides, there never were two poets so dangerous to a lecturer. The temptations to vapourize from Mr. Browning's subtleties are many; the manner in which bumpers of Tennyson swallowed intellectually, put an ordinary man off his head, is fatal to the ordinary person's coherency on a platform. Mr. Dowden belongs not to the smattering class. He approaches his subject with due preparation, and his lecture is worth perusal and reperusal. Mr. Sherlock contributes a readable dissertation on "The Peculiarities of Modern Oratory." Mr. Heron's "Sheridan" is not extended or inclusive enough, and seems to have been composed with some haste. The other papers consist of "Romeo and Juliet," by the Rev. E. Whately; "Recollections of the Lake Country," by Robert Perceval Graves; and "Specimen of a Translation of Virgil," by the Lord Bishop of Derry.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

SOME time ago there was published a very interesting book of musical and theatrical anecdote, bearing the tautological title of "The Enterprising Impresario." It was one of the most amusing books we ever opened, and contained an anecdote of a piece of saucy playfulness on the part of Cerito, which is so natural and so thoroughly in keeping that it almost deserves to be quoted whenever such topics as music and dancing are toward. Some rather dull young gentleman was taken by a friend to a rehearsal at the Opera when Cerito was the star of the ballet. The dull young man was so staggered by the unrestrained movements of the dancer that he kept on staring at Cerito with his mouth open in stupid wonder. The lady naturally felt insulted; and as soon as the movement of the dance permitted her to draw closer to the astonished cad, twirled up her

* Musical Sketches, Abroad and at Home. By John Ella, Founder and Director of the Musical Union, &c. London: Ridgway.

leg in his face, and slipped her toe into his open mouth, as a lesson not to gape again in the same way at a lady dancing.

Having afforded the candid reader an opportunity of condemning our irrelevancy, we pass on to say that though ballet and ballet-dancers are mentioned in Mr. Ella's collection of fragments, it is mainly about music and musicians, and is, like the volume we have just mentioned, an example of a type of book which does not appear to be so common as it might be. Painters, musicians, and actors are commonly bad writers (Mr. Ella is only tolerable), so that one rarely looks for connected and seriously thoughtful works from their pen; but almost any one can tell an anecdote; and if professional men, without aiming at literary honours, would more frequently tumble out the stories they must have to tell in budgets like this of Mr. Ella's, they would very much help to entertain us, and give us food for reflection as well. Mr. Ella's volume has absolutely no cohesion—it pretends to none; it is marked "Vol. I.," though we have seen no second; it seems sometimes self-contradictory (e.g., about street-music); it is, occasionally, self-repeating; but for people who take an interest in music, especially if they can read a score with ease and follow a scientific criticism, it is as agreeable a book for a corner or an odd hour as we have seen for a long time. There are about forty musical illustrations, varying from the Pilgrim's Chorus in Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Beethoven's Mass in C, and Graun's Elegy for Schubert, to street cries of London.

A great many of the anecdotes relate, as might be expected, to the "aristocracy," from the Queen downwards. We learn, incidentally, that one of the aspirations of the late Prince Consort was that there might be much more solidarity of feeling among men of science and artists; and that the Duke of Wellington paid such minute and business-like attention to music performed in his presence as to notice at once any omissions that were made to gain time or for other reasons. Musical, like mechanical talent, is held to descend from parent to child, more regularly than any other form of specific capacity, and when we think of the Duke's father—

"Most music of lords,
A playin maddrigles and glees
Upon the arpeicords,"—

we are not surprised to find that he, too, was "musical," but taste is one thing, and minute knowledge is another. The Duke seems to have possessed the latter.

The story of Beethoven's "Good morning, stupid!" is one of the best in the book:—

"Like Czerny and other resident musicians, Beethoven took his daily stroll before dinner, and on his way home was in the habit of calling at the music shops. Here he observed, the usual dinner hour in Vienna is two o'clock, and at the principal music-sellers, German, Italian, and French musical journals are regularly filed and read by professional visitors. Being offended with a certain editor, who complained of his writing too difficult music, Beethoven, *en passant*, would open the door, and, without entering the shop, call out, 'Gut Morgen, Dumm; Dumm, gut Morgen' (good morning, stupid; stupid, good morning). On a cold, windy day, in total abstraction, the illustrious musician has been seen on the ramparts pacing slowly along, humming to himself with his hat in hand, and his dishevelled hair streaming like a meteor in the troubled air. On these occasions, rude youths would shout, 'Now, stupid; why don't you put on your hat.' On another occasion, passing through the narrow entrance from St. Stephen's Platz to the Graben (the narrow street is now much wider, 1868), Beethoven was seen to stop suddenly, and jot down something on paper in hand. A waggoner, with his team, cracked his whip, which Beethoven being deaf heeded not; but, fortunately, a person to whom Beethoven was known, prevented the inspired master being disturbed."

What Mr. Ella has to say about Tom Moore is not quite free from twaddle, but here is a part of it:—

"He had a genuine sympathy for the music of Haydn and Mozart; but confessed that the fine, solemn music of our best cathedral writers was beyond his comprehension, saying that, if he had been educated to their style he should have enjoyed it. Education, custom, and manners exercise a much greater influence on art and artists than some persons are willing to believe."

No doubt education does something; but musical sensibility is altered and qualified by a man's other characteristics; and it is surely almost too obvious to remark that a thin, brilliant nature like Moore's, without a single organ-note in its whole structure, could never have thoroughly relished or understood Beethoven.

On the subject of the time in which music is often played, the following is worthy of notice, containing, as it assuredly does, a large measure of truth:—

"Beethoven, once interrogated as to the just time of a certain composition, replied with a gesture—pointing to his heart and head—implying, of course, that it was a matter of feeling and judgment.

Mendelssohn, in my presence, once said much the same thing, adding that as to a shade faster or slower, when he played, all depended on the humour he was in. Amateurs are rarely taught quick music at the pace which professors perform in public; and seldom have I heard Mendelssohn's quick music played so fast by a professor as by the composer himself. Much enjoyment is lost where persons are carping about the precise degree of tempo, instead of listening to the true spirit in which the composition is expressed by a great and conscientious artist. The critic of a daily journal, some years ago, condemned the pace at which the overture of Weber's 'Euryanthe' was played under Costa's direction at the Philharmonic Concerts, and alluded to the traditional tempo of the Dresden opera band. It so chanced that, within a few months of this carping about tempo, I heard Reissiger conduct the overture at Dresden much quicker than the pace which so offended the English critic."

Mr. Ella quotes the mermaid's song from Weber's "Oberon," and tells a pleasant little story about it:—

"It narrowly escaped being omitted, at the suggestion of the stage-manager. . . . Miss Goward, who sang the Mermaid's Song behind the scenes, could not continue to keep time with the band. 'Out that out,' cried Fawcett, with impatience. 'Out it out!' shouted Weber, to the surprise of all, as he sprang with one bound over the balustrade into the orchestra, and mounted to the conductor's desk; 'What do you mean? I'll soon show you how it will go;' and, after pointing out the place where the singer could best be heard, and directing the due tone of the band, he soon showed, indeed, how his wondrous song would, could, and should 'go.'"

The music is given by Mr. Ella in E major, and an amusing effect is produced if you (do not transpose it, but) simply strike out three of the sharps, retaining only the F, leaving the notes themselves just as they are.

The most uninteresting portions of the volume are those in which the author takes to "writing," as in the following paragraph:—

"Of our English female *litterati*, it is no exaggeration to say that the refined sensibility of their taste sometimes marks a superiority of eloquent diction over the style of more masculine minds. Their delineation of the qualities of the female heart is tinged with a delicate perception of the beautiful and sublime in nature, that at once asserts the instinct of that poetical temperament which is an indispensable element of excellence in all arts."

If Mr. Ella would strike out the repetitions, the trivialities, and the "writing," what was left would make a blameless as well as pleasant book. Not to conclude with anything unpleasant, however, we will give, as well as we can, without printing the notes, a sort of musical rebus, entitled "Maternal Advice," said to have been addressed to a young English lady on her entrance into fashionable life. Take three bars of music (it is here given in semibreves, but that is indifferent): in the first bar put a B, and write a natural before it; in the second put a C, and write a sharp before it; in the third put a rest, with the mark for a pause above the bar. As a child can make this out we shall not offend our readers by explaining it.

THE POLAR WORLD.*

How many navigators, for the past 300 years, have studied the large blank space around the North Pole on the maps, and have pondered over the possibility of finding a north-west passage to India. What a short voyage it would be, instead of the thousands of miles round the Cape! and how the name of the man who discovered the route would be handed down to posterity, along with those of the greatest benefactors of the race! Fired by these considerations, one bold seaman after another has steered his course towards the north, determined to penetrate the unknown regions, and to solve the mystery lying beyond the eightieth parallel of north latitude. But all in vain; after many months spent in endeavouring to find an opening in the icy belt, the attempts have, one after another, been abandoned, and the problem has remained unsolved. Nor has any better fate awaited the expeditions sent out by our own and other Governments, commanded by experienced men, and equipped with all the appliances and resources that science could suggest. Years have been occupied by many of these in the hope of discovering some channel which would lead them onward. Some have returned in safety, unsuccessful, but not discouraged; and some, alas! lie entombed amidst the eternal snow, victims to their zeal and intrepidity. Nor have the expeditions over land produced any better results; the sacred realms of the North Pole have never yet revealed their secrets, nor has the vast space beyond the eighty-first degree been trodden by mortal man.

Up to this point, however, much has been discovered, and the book before us contains in a condensed form the results of

* The Polar World. By Dr. G. Hartwig. London: Longman & Co.

these discoveries. It is, as its title states, a complete history, not only of the Arctic, but of the Antarctic regions, so far as they are yet known, embracing their geography, geology, meteorology, and natural history; and the research necessary for its compilation speaks well for the author's industry. We, in our temperate climate, can form no idea of the horrors of Arctic regions, where, for the greater portion of the year, the sea and the land are alike frost-bound; where one unvarying level of snow, unbroken by tree or shrub, meets the eye; where the wind rages over the dreary wastes; and where even the light of the sun is withheld during the long winter. We call a few degrees of frost severe, what must it be in lat. 76° ?

"The voyages of Kane and Belcher have made us acquainted with the lowest temperature ever felt by man. On Feb. 5, 1854, while the former was wintering in Smith's Sound ($78^{\circ} 37'$ N. lat.), the mean of his best spirit-thermometer showed the unexampled temperature of -68° or 100° below the freezing-point of water. Then chloric ether became solid, and carefully-prepared chloroform exhibited a granular pellicle on its surface. The exhalations from the skin invested the exposed, or partially clad parts with a wreath of vapour. The air had a perceptible pungency upon inspiration, and every one, as it were, involuntarily breathed guardedly with compressed lips. About the same time (February 9 and 10, 1854), Sir E. Belcher experienced a cold of -55° in Wellington Channel ($75^{\circ} 31'$ N.), and the still lower temperature of -62° on January 13, 1853, in Northumberland Sound ($76^{\circ} 52'$ N.)."

And yet there are men who do not appear to feel the cold, and Lieutenant Kane states that one of his party was accustomed to sleep in the open air without a blanket or any other covering than his walking suit.

As a compensation for the absence of the sun Providence has provided the Aurora Borealis:—

"Of all the magnificent spectacles that relieve the monotonous gloom of the Arctic winter, there is none to equal the magical beauty of the Aurora. Night covers the snow-clad earth; the stars glimmer feebly through the haze which so frequently dims their brilliancy in the high latitudes, when suddenly a broad and clear bow of light spans the horizon in the direction where it is traversed by the magnetic meridian. This bow sometimes remains for several hours, heaving or waving to and fro, before it sends forth streams of light ascending to the zenith. Sometimes these flashes proceed from the bow of light alone; at others they simultaneously shoot forth from many opposite parts of the horizon, and form a vast sea of fire, whose brilliant waves are continually changing their position. Finally, they all unite in a magnificent crown, or cupola of light, with the appearance of which the phenomenon attains its highest degree of splendour. The brilliancy of the streams, which are commonly red at their base, green in the middle, and light yellow towards the zenith, increases, while at the same time they dart with greater vivacity through the skies. The colours are wonderfully transparent, the red approaching to a clear blood-red, the green to a pale emerald tint. On turning from the flaming firmament to the earth, this also is seen to glow with a magical light. The dark sea, black as jet, forms a striking contrast to the white snow plain or the distant ice-mountain; all the outlines tremble as if they belonged to the unreal world of dreams. The imposing silence of the night heightens the charms of the magnificent spectacle.

"But gradually the crown fades, the bow of light dissolves, the streams become shorter, less frequent, and less vivid; and, finally, the gloom of winter once more descends upon the northern desert."

Everybody is acquainted with the eider-down, which is unequalled for its lightness and warmth; but it is probable that few persons are aware that the rearing of the ducks which produce it is an important and lucrative branch of industry. On the northern coast of Iceland is an island which is devoted to the purpose, and a visit to it is thus described:—

"As the island was approached, we could see flocks upon flocks of the sacred birds, and could hear their cooings at a great distance. We landed on a rocky wave-worn shore, against which the waters scarcely rippled, and set off to investigate the island. The shore was the most wonderful ornithological sight conceivable. The ducks and their nests were everywhere in a manner that was quite alarming. Great brown ducks sat upon their nests in masses, and at every step started up from under our feet. It was with difficulty that we avoided treading on some of the nests. The island being but three-quarters of a mile in width, the opposite shore was soon reached. On the coast was a wall built of large stones, just above the high-water level, about three feet in height, and of considerable thickness. At the bottom, on both sides of it, alternate stones had been left out, so as to form a series of square compartments for the ducks to make their nests in. Almost every compartment was occupied; and, as we walked along the shore, a long line of ducks flew out one after another. The surface of the water also was perfectly white with drakes, who welcomed their brown wives with loud and clamorous cooing. When we arrived at the farmhouse we were cordially welcomed by its mistress. The house itself was a great marvel. The earthen wall that surrounded it and the window embrasures were occupied by ducks. On the ground, the house was fringed with ducks. On the top slopes of the roof we could see ducks; and a duck sat in the scraper.

"A grassy bank close by had been cut into square patches like a chess-board (a square of turf of about eighteen inches being removed, and a hollow made), and all were filled with ducks. A windmill was infested, and so were all the outhouses, mounds, rocks, and crevices. The ducks were everywhere. Many of them were so tame that we could stroke them on their nests; and the good lady told us that there

was scarcely a duck on the island which would not allow her to take its eggs without flight or fear. When she first became possessor of the island, the produce of down from the ducks was not more than fifteen pounds weight in the year, but under her careful nurture of twenty years it had risen to nearly one hundred pounds annually. It requires about one pound and a half to make a coverlet for a single bed, and the down is worth from twelve to fifteen shillings per pound. Most of the eggs are taken and pickled for winter consumption, one or two only being left to hatch."

The down is plucked by the bird from her own breast, and the collectors after removing it replace the eggs, when the same process goes on. After being robbed a second time, the drake comes to the rescue, and supplies the needed covering with down from his breast. The bird is then left in peace, otherwise she would abandon the spot for ever.

Notwithstanding the discoveries of gold in other parts of the world, the Siberian mines appear to be extraordinarily rich as the following statistics will show, a Russian pound being equal to 40 lb. English:—

"It is thus evident that the expenses of a Siberian gold-mine are enormous, but when fortune favours the undertaker, he is amply rewarded for his outlay; an annual produce of 10, 15, or 20 pounds of gold is by no means uncommon. In the year 1845, 458 workmen employed in the gold-mine of Mariinsk, belonging to Messrs. Golubdow & Kusnezow, produced 81 pounds 19½ lb of the much-coveted metal; in the year 1843 the mine of Olginsk, belonging to Lieutenant Malewinsky, yielded 82 pounds 37½ lb; and in 1844, the labour of 1,014 workmen employed in the mine of Kresdowosdshensk, belonging to Messrs. Kusnezow & Schtschegolow, produced no less than 87 pounds 14 lb of gold. But even Kresdowosdshensk has been distanced by the mine of Spasky, situated near the sources of the Peskin, which, in the year 1842, yielded its fortunate possessor, the above-mentioned Counsellor Nikita Maesnikow (one of the few men who were already extremely rich before the Siberian auriferous deposits were discovered), the enormous quantity of 100 pounds of gold! From 1840 to 1845, Maesnikow extracted from this mine no less than 348 pounds 6 lb of gold, worth 4,135,174 silver roubles, or about £640,000. Still more recently, in 1860, the Gawrilow mine, belonging to the house of Rjasanow, produced 102½ pounds of pure gold."

Notwithstanding these enormous returns, the climate must effectually prevent any but a Russian from engaging in the work of gold-digging. Had the Ural mountains been situated a few degrees further to the south, the adventurous of all parts of the globe would have flocked thither, and the population of Siberia would now have numbered hundreds of thousands.

In order to keep up the supply of internal heat, the inhabitants of Arctic regions are very large eaters, but the inhabitants of Jakutsk are noted for their enormous appetites. The following instance of their voracity is almost incredible:—

"During his stay at Jakutsk, Sir George Simpson put the abilities of two distinguished artists to the test, by setting two pounds of boiled beef and a pound of melted butter before them. Each of them got a pound of meat for his share; the butter they were allowed to ladle out and drink *ad libitum*. The one was old and experienced, the other young and full of zeal. At first the latter had the advantage. 'His teeth are good,' said the elder champion, 'but with the assistance of my saint (crossing himself), I will soon come up to him.'

"When about half of their task was finished, Sir George left his noble guests to the care and inspection of his secretary, but when he returned a few hours after, he was informed that all was consumed, while the champions, stretched out on the floor, confirmed the secretary's report, and expressed their thanks for the exorbitant meal they had enjoyed by respectfully kissing the ground. After one of these disgusting feats, the gorged gluttons generally remain for three or four days plunged in a torpid state like boa snakes without eating or drinking, and are frequently rolled about on the ground to promote digestion. It may also be noticed, as a proof of the low state of intellectual culture among the Jakuts, that at every wedding among the richer class two professed virtuosi in the art of gormandizing are regularly invited for the entertainment of the guests. One of them is treated at the bridegroom's expense, the other at that of the bride, and the party whose champion gains the victory considers it a good omen for the future."

After this, the following meal, eaten by an Esquimaux, appears moderate:—

	lb.	oz.
"Sea-horse flesh, hard frozen.....	4	4
" " " " boiled	4	4
Bread and bread-dust	1	12
Total of solids.....	10	4

The fluids were in fair proportion, viz., rich gravy soup, 1½ pint; raw spirits, 3 wine-glasses; strong grog, 1 tumbler; water, 1 gallon 1 pint."

The Esquimaux dog, like the reindeer, enters largely into all Polar narratives; we do not remember, however, to have met with any description of the mode in which the former animal is trained. Here is the mode adopted:—

"The sledge-dogs are trained to their future service at a very early period. Soon after birth they are placed with their mother in a deep pit, so as to see neither man nor beast, and after having been weaned, they are again condemned to solitary confinement in a pit. After six

months they are attached to a sledge with other older dogs, and being extremely shy, they run as fast as they can. On returning home, they are again confined in their pit, where they remain until they are perfectly trained, and able to perform a long journey. Then, but not before, they are allowed their summer liberty. This severe education completely sours their temper, and they constantly remain gloomy, shy, quarrelsome, and suspicious."

We had marked many other passages for quotation, but our space will not permit us to introduce them. The book concludes with a summary of the several Arctic voyages undertaken by Englishmen and others, from the fifteenth century to the present time, including the expeditions undertaken in search of Sir John Franklin, and a brief account of the regions surrounding the Antarctic Pole, and of the voyages thither, is added. The author has fulfilled his task in a satisfactory manner. Brimful of information as the work is, the style is easy and pleasant, whilst the maps and copious illustrations, many of which are artistic, add much to the interest of the text.

ONE FOOT ON SHORE.*

THIS novel is not one among a thousand—it is one of thousands. Not that it is deficient in good points. The writing, though far from being perfect, is generally lively; and, though there is a great lack of incident, the dialogues have a smart, crackling chit-chattness about them which goes far to conceal the want of proper dramatic action. The scene is laid partly in Australia, mostly in England, and finally in Italy, where we see the leading personages for the last time. Rightly speaking, the story only concerns Percy Gordon and Florence and Fanny Berkeley; the other people introduced, though endowed with sufficient individuality of their own, being for the most part used as accessories in the development of those we have named. Percy Gordon is, of course, the hero; but, unlike the heroes of most modern novels, his is not the great victory, but the great defeat. Florence Berkeley, the beautiful, is naturally the heroine; yet though she and Percy are passionate lovers in the beginning, they do not follow the great centripetal forces of romance, and fall into each other's arms in the end. Percy, who is being trained for the navy, is a very handsome fellow, perhaps too much so for the commonplace necessities of life; very like a genius, but at bottom a great ineptitude; romantic in a sort, and of course plunging into debt like the rest of the genteel penniless fools, so that he has to be hustled off to Australia, where it is dubiously hoped he may make a fortune—poor dear Percy, the darling! But what of the lady, Florence? She is weeping in her chamber, straining her dewy eyes to catch a last glimpse of her lover, who is whirling off to the railway station. They have sworn to be true to each other, and surely they will keep to their oaths, so hotly stamped with kisses. Well, the lady does, but the gentleman does not, simply because he lacks the genius of memory and truth. Distance does not lend enchantment to his view, nor does absence make his heart grow fonder; quite the contrary; he forgets altogether; and in the Australian bush gives his dainty self up to despair. Percy Gordon in the bush! Fancy a wax doll in a desert! But though in his heart he has deserted a better thing than fortune, fortune of a kind does not desert him, but takes him down to Brisbane and lays him rib-deep in the cushions of Jack Rivers, the richest man in the colony, whose daughter Evelyn—Evelyn Rivers, with the large, dark, gazelle-like eyes—falls in love with him, and marries him right off. Improbable and absurd, no doubt, but there is the fact in the romancer's black and white. All this time, too, although she has never had a line from her darling, beautiful Percy, Florence Berkeley, faithful, believing, star-pure soul, has not a doubt of her absent lover's fidelity. In the mean time her father and mother die, leaving Fanny and herself with only a slender worldly provision, which throws them almost wholly upon the world and their wits—the world a big nut, their wit a small hammer.

By the way, we may mention here, as a subsidiary incident in the story, that Florence has an offer from the Rev. Cyril Thornton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who has fallen in love with the beautiful creature, and who hints, or threatens, that unless she can give him cause to hope that she may one day become his wife, he will straightway become a pervert, and go over to the Romanists. The silly man is made to tell her that "evil spirits seem to come and mock" at him; that they are "daily gaining power" over his soul; and that somehow he fancies that he has "thought and read too much." He adds, "I have gone with the Ritualists as far

as they go, and I have sought to stop with them where they have stopped, but in vain; I can find no footing there; all seems for ever slipping away." Let but Florence give him hope, however, and, "with God's help, I trust I should be able yet, ere it is too late, to regain the mastery over my mind, which, alas! somehow—how I know not—but somehow I have chanced to lose. For I know that the Romanists are not right; I know as yet, but I shall not be able to know it long, not unless some person who can will help me; and, child though you are, you are that person if you will." The stupidity of this is exceedingly stupid, thanks to the author's own stupidity, whose genius for caricature is in this case remarkably defective. Of course, as Florence Berkeley is pledged to Percy Gordon, she cannot be the wife of Cyril Thornton, who almost immediately therefore enters the Roman Church, in connection with which he becomes famous as a preacher, first at Ryde and then in London. At Ryde he encounters Florence, and tries to convert her to Romanism; and then, years afterwards, he visits her in London, confessing that, priest though he is, he loves her as madly as ever. "I have tried," he says, "to make myself believe that it was not you, but the Blessed Virgin and the sweet womanly nature that I loved, but it has been all a mockery and self-deceit, and I have awoken now." He implores her to save him from madness, which, of course, she cannot do in the manner he wishes. So he goes away, a poor pale wretch, and is some time after "permitted to efface himself and enter into the monastery of La Trappe."

When Percy Gordon leaves England, Florence Berkeley is a mere girl, with hardly any promise of the supreme beauty she afterwards attains. But she is not beautiful only, she has a good share of steady brain power; so that when Percy returns from Australia, bringing with him a rich handsome wife, Florence receives a mighty shock, without being broken to pieces. At this time she and Fanny are staying with their uncle, Lord Bulmer, at Ryde, where they are surrounded and followed by all sorts of admirers, all of whom, however, are not themselves exactly admirable. We don't like the pictures which the author draws of the society at this watering-place. They don't look like truth—or rather they look like truth strained into falsehood. When Percy Gordon and his wife arrive at Ryde, it soon becomes evident that he does not love her, by the wicked habit he has of neglecting her, and falling in love with the wives of other men. Indeed, Florence saves him from the dishonour of running away with one of them—one who is married to what the author tastefully calls a "brute" of a husband. It is at Ryde, too, that Fanny Berkeley encounters an old sweetheart, Major Bolton—the Harry Bolton of the sweet May season of her vanished girlhood. The passion of the pair, which had been sincere, though cooled by the interference of friends, reasserts itself; and, in spite of the fact that Bolton has become rather loose and a bit of a gambler, and that Fanny has, since those early days, been one of the most persistent flirts in England, the two draw together again and become man and wife, greatly to the annoyance of Lord Bulmer, who tries to stop the marriage by having the major arrested for debt. Florence, who is always in the way of doing good, comes to the rescue, and begs herself by saving Major Bolton from a prison, and Fanny from endless tears. The major and his wife go abroad with his regiment, so that Florence is more completely than ever thrown upon the world and her wits, which happily do not fail her. After trying artistic work, and the writing of simple stories for the poor, she resolves to try the stage, not so much for her own sake, however, as for the sake of sister Fanny and her husband, who are still oppressed with a wild weight of debt. Under the name of Lucia Lavington, Florence enters upon theatrical duty, and, with the necessary amount of struggling, becomes famous as the most beautiful and most perfect actress of the day. Everybody talks about her, all the world goes to see her, and all the young gentlemen fall in love with her. Among the rest, who should fall in love with her but Percy Gordon, her first sweetheart, who is now free, his wife having died in Italy? The joke of this incident is that Percy does not recognise Florence Berkeley in the beautiful actress, but thinks her simply Lucia Lavington, with a certain resemblance to his pre-Australian vision. Nor does he know that Florence and Lucia are identical until he has proposed to the young actress, and been refused. The revelation stuns him like thunder, and he goes away crestfallen, humble, and desperate, taking himself off to Homburg, where he gambles like a madman. Meanwhile, Major Bolton, with wife and children, comes home to England, where there is a fine ado about the theatrical business, though all ends sweetly there. Then Florence Berkeley accepts the hand of Bertram Beresford, a young politician, who promises to develop into a statesman;

* One Foot on Shore. A Novel. By the Author of "Flirts and Flirts; or, a Season at Ryde." Three vols. London: Richard Bentley.

and Lord Bulmer, repenting of his former harshness in the matter of Fanny's marriage, makes his will in favour of the major's son, and does all sorts of good things besides. An attempt is also made to save the body and soul of Percy Gordon from the gambling hells, which at last unexpectedly succeeds, though he is only saved in time to die, his weary, tortured head laid on the soft, tender arm of his early love—surely as sweet and beautiful a pillow as any erring man deserves or needs desire.

That is an epitome of the story which, if marred by one or two improbabilities, is not altogether unskillfully, and is very bravely, spun out to the extent of three volumes, that can be read with comparative ease and pleasure, though hardly with any abiding benefit. In parts the writing is a little too smart for the genius of simplicity; and it would certainly improve her style if the author would employ the words "brute" and "beast" as seldom as the necessities of the case demanded.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Fight of Faith. A Story. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.
(Chapman & Hall.)

In a dedication to Mr. Charles Ratcliff, F.S.A., Mrs. S. C. Hall intimates that this will be her last work of fiction, although she hopes that the labours of her pen are not yet entirely closed. In that case, we do not see why she should "bid the public a grateful farewell;" but we are glad to know that, though she may not appear again as a novel-writer, we may still look forward to meet with her in other fields of literature. Mrs. Hall is a long-established favourite with the public, and we should be sorry to miss her graceful and accomplished hand. The present story (which is in two volumes) is a tale of the Huguenots at the period of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It may be taken as having a direct bearing on some of the most important and momentous questions of the present day. But Mrs. Hall states that "the first volume was written several years ago—long before plans were promulgated for restoring to England the principles and practice of the Church of Rome." She therefore disavows having produced her book "for the occasion"; but she adds—"It will be cause for thankfulness and happiness if I can in any degree arrest the progress of those who are seeking to negative the blessings brought to these kingdoms by the Reformation, and by that Protestant ascendancy to which we owe so much of our liberty and so many of our rights." We believe that Mrs. Hall is, on her mother's side, descended from one of those very Huguenots who fled from France at the period to which her story refers; and this may perhaps have given additional fervour to her narration of the wrongs and sufferings of the French Protestants during the days of their last great persecution. The theological novel, we must confess, is no great favourite with us; but there are many to whom it is almost the only form of fiction permissible. These, whenever they happen to be of the same mode of thinking as Mrs. Hall, will admire and enjoy her work, the scenes of which have been carefully worked up, and present in vivid colours the stormy incidents of the close of the seventeenth century. The tale opens in France, but the action is afterwards transferred to England in the reign of James II. (when the poor Huguenots were pretty nearly in as bad a case here as they had been in their own country), and finally to Ireland in the time of King William, concluding with the famous Battle of the Boyne. Mrs. Hall is most at home in her Irish scenes, the occasional humour of which—painted by a hand skilled in this kind of portraiture—gives relief to the more serious writing. "The Fight of Faith" will probably attract many readers.

Debrett's Illustrated Peerage, and Illustrated Baronetage and Knightage, for 1869. (Dean & Son.)

These two very useful and handsome volumes have again made their appearance, with the latest available additions and corrections. The *Peerage* has been published for more than a century, and it is continually improved, enriched with collateral branches of knowledge, and in every way rendered more suitable to the times in which we live. The *Baronetage and Knightage* is also an extremely handy volume, and both works abound, not only in practical information, but in curious facts, and bits of personal history. The compact size of the volumes is another recommendation which all will appreciate.

We have also received—*L'Origine de la Vie*, par F. A. Pouchet (Rothschild);—*An Easy Course of Latin* (Murby);—*Natal Sermon*, by Dr. Colenso (Trübner);—*Arithmetic*, by Richard Wormell (Murby);—*On the Knees of the Church* (Macintosh);—*On Evil Thoughts*, by William Chilcot, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*Circle of Knowledge*, by Charles Baker (Macintosh);—*Greek for Beginners*, by Rev. J. B. Mayor (Macmillan);—*First Lessons in Ancient History*, by the Rev. T. Woolmer (Hodder & Stoughton);—*Elements of Latin Syntax*,

by W. H. Harris (Hodder & Stoughton);—*Key to the Acts of the Apostles*, by Francis Bowen (Longmans);—*Bilton's Reading Books* (Longmans);—*Devotional Commentary* (Rivingtons);—*The Restitution of All Things*, by Andrew Jukes (Longmans);—*German Grammar*, by H. W. Just (Longmans);—*Congregational Choral Music* (Hodder & Stoughton);—*Scripture Manuals* (Murby);—*Idylls and Epigrams*, by Richard Garnett (Macmillan);—*Solid Geometry*, by Richard Wormell (Murby);—*Collection of British Authors*, vol. 1,000, *The New Testament*, Tauchnitz edition (Williams & Norgate);—*Geography for Schools*, by Dr. Dick (Murby);—*Thoughts on Free Trade in Land*, by W. Fowler (Longmans);—*List of London Papers* (F. May);—*International Telegraph Treaty* (Wilson);—*Irish Church Property* (Wilson);—*The Thames Embankment and the New Law Courts*, by A. B. Cochrane (Harrison);—*Let us not Rend It* (Macintosh);—*Dr. Newman on Anglican Orders*, by C. H. Collette (Macintosh);—*Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister*, by Edwin May (Hill);—*The Established Church of Ireland*, by Colonel Adair (Hodges, Smith, & Foster);—*Causeries Scientifiques* (Rothschild);—*Penny Grammar*, by S. B. James (Murby);—*Evangelical Churchmanship True Churchmanship*, by James Colley (Macintosh);—*List of Members of the Institution of Civil Engineers* (Institute);—*Mr. Ruskin, his Opinions and Comparisons of Painters*, by R. H. Green (Wilson);—*Address*, by the Right Hon. James Moncreiff (Edmonston & Douglass);—*Telegraph Companies*, by J. W. Blundell (Wilson);—*Senior and Junior Table-books* (Murby).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (H. G.), *Cyclopædia of Female Biography*. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Afterglow (The): Songs and Sonnets. 2nd edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Arabian Nights' Entertainments (The). Revised by Rev. G. F. Townsend. Fcap., 1s.
 Argyll (Duke of), *Primeval Man*. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Baldwin (J. D.), *Pre-Historic Nations*. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Baron (Rev. G.), *Anglo-Saxon Witness on Requisites for the Holy Communion*. 8vo., 6s.
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Dessert „ „	0 16 0 „
Tea Spoons	0 10 0 „

Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices.

All kinds of replating done by the patent process.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of Fenders, Stoves, Ranges, Chimney-Pieces, Fire-Irons, and General Ironmongery as cannot be approached elsewhere either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with ornate ornaments, £3 8s. to £33 10s.; Bronzed Fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; Steel Fenders, £3 3s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £3 3s. to £18; Chimney-Pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; Fire-Irons, from 3s. 3d. the set to £4 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

LAMPS of ALL SORTS and PATTERNS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of this Season's SHOW of LAMPS. The collection of French Moderateur Lamps, carefully selected at Paris, defies competition. The prices vary from 7s. to £7 7s. Each Lamp is guaranteed perfect, but to insure their proper action WILLIAM S. BURTON supplies Pure Colza Oil at the Wholesale Price, 3s. 4d. per gall. Lamps of all other descriptions are on Show in great variety.

BEDDING MANUFACTURED on the Premises, and guaranteed by WILLIAM S. BURTON.

For Bedsteads, Wide	3 Feet 6 In.	4 Feet 6 In.	5 Feet.
Best Straw Palliasses	0 13 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
Best French Alva Mattresses	0 13 0	0 16 0	0 18 0
Best Cotton Flock Mattresses	0 18 6	1 2 6	1 6 6
Coloured Wool Mattresses	1 0 0	1 5 0	1 8 6
Best Brown Wool Mattresses	1 5 6	1 11 6	1 14 6
Best Brown Do., extra thick	1 8 6	1 16 0	1 19 0
Good White Wool Mattresses	1 14 0	2 3 0	2 7 0
Extra Super Do. Do.	3 0 0	3 13 0	4 1 0
Good Horse Hair Do.	2 5 0	2 18 0	3 6 6
Extra Super Do.	3 1 6	3 18 0	4 10 0
German Spring Hair Stuffing	3 12 6	4 7 6	5 15 0
Extra Super Do.	4 10 0	5 10 0	6 0 0
French Wool and Hair Mattress for use over spring	2 17 0	3 15 0	4 4 0
Extra Super Do. Do.	3 17 0	5 0 0	5 11 0
Feather Beds, Poultry, in Good Tick	1 16 0	2 7 0	...
Do. Do. Grey Goose, in Bordered Linen Ticks	3 10 0	5 0 0	5 13 6
Do. Do. Best White Do. in Best Linen	4 17 0	6 17 0	7 12 0

Feather Pillows, 3s. 6d. to 14s.; Bolsters, from 6s. to 20s. 6d.

Down Pillows, from 10s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.

Blankets, Counterpanes, and Sheets in every variety.

FURNITURE, in complete Suites for Bedroom, of Mahogany, Birch, Fancy Woods, Polished and Japanned Deal, always on Show. These are made by WILLIAM S. BURTON, at his Manufactory, 84, Newman-street, and every article is guaranteed. China Toilet Ware in great variety, from 4s. Set of Five Pieces.

THE BEST SHOW of IRON BED-STEADS of the KINGDOM is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has EIGHT LARGE ROOMS devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 11s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dove-tail joints and patent sacking, from 14s. 6d.; and cots, from 15s. 6d.; handsome Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2. 13s. 6d. to £20.

GASELIERS in GLASS or METAL.

—The increased and increasing use of Gas in private houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from the various Manufacturers in Metal and Glass all that is new and choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling-rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him; these are ON SHOW over his TWENTY LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom, viz., from 12s. 6d. (two-light), to £23.

DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER

DISHES, in every variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, are on SHOW at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. Block tin, 19s. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 35s. 6d. to 49s. 6d. the set; Britannia metal, with or without silver-plated handles, £3. 2s. to £6. 8s. the set of five; electro-plated, £9 to £26 the set of four; block tin hot-water dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia metal, 22s. to 80s.; electro-plated on nickel, full size, £9.

CUTLERY, Warranted.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

Ivory Handles.	Table Knives per dozen.	Dessert Knives per dozen.	Carvers per Pair.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3½-inch ivory handles	13 0	10 6	5 0
3½-inch fine ivory balance handles	18 0	14 0	5 9
4-inch ivory balance handles	21 0	16 0	5 9
4-inch fine ivory handles	23 0	21 0	8 0
4-inch finest African ivory handles	34 0	27 0	12 0
Do. with silver ferules	42 0	35 0	13 6
Do. carved handles, silver ferules	55 0	45 0	18 6
Nickel electro-silver handles	25 0	19 0	7 6
Silver handles of any pattern	84 0	54 0	21 0

Bone and Horn Handles.—Knives and Forks, per Dozen.

White bone handles	13 6	11 0	3 0
Do. balance handles	23 0	17 0	4 6
Black horn-rimmed shoulders	18 0	15 6	4 6
Do. very strong-riveted handles	12 6	9 0	3 0

The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, and fish-eating knives and forks and carvers.

PAPIER MACHE and IRON TEA-TRAYS.—An assortment of TEA-TRAYS and WAITERS, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Maché Trays per Set of Three from 20s. to 10 guineas || Ditto Iron ditto | from 10s. to 4 guineas |
| Convex-shaped ditto | from 7s. 6d. |

Round and Gothic Waiters and Breal Baskets equally low.

BATHS and TOILET WARE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, £1 to £5 12s.; Nursery, 15s. to 32s.; Sponging, 14s. to 32s.; Hip, 14s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 15s. 6d. to 45s. the Set of Three.

CLOCKS, CANDELABRA, BRONZES, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of his Stock of these, displayed in two large Show-Rooms. Each article is of Guaranteed quality, and some a e objects of pure Vertu, the productions of the first Manufacturers of Paris, from whom WILLIAM S. BURTON imports them direct.

Clocks	from 7s. 6d. to £ 5.
Candelabra	from 13s. 6d. to £16 10s. per Pair.
Bronzes	from 18s. to £16 10s.
Lamps, Moderateur from 6s. to £9.	
Pure Colza Oil 3s. 4d. per Gallon.	